

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST, 1895.

NO. 2.

LOWER MERION FRIENDS' MEETINGHOUSE.

THE history of Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse is the history of the Welsh in Pennsylvania. The history of the Welsh in Pennsylvania is the history of Pennsylvania and of the United States—indeed, of the civilized world.

Dr. Edward Jones, son-in-law of Dr. Thomas Wynne, kinsman and partner of John ap Thomas, set out with his company from Bala early in the summer of 1682, embarking from Liverpool in the "Ship Lyon," John Compton "Master." After a voyage of several weeks the vessel arrived at Upland, a Swedish town on the Delaware (now known as Chester), in August of the same year. There seems to be some uncertainty as to how long the Colonists remained at Upland, but it is known that they made a landing "on the Skoolkill," August 13th or 14th, 1682. According to the late John M. George, of Overbrook, Pennsylvania, the place of landing was at what is now Penquoid, or Pencoyd, nearly opposite the mouth of the Wissahickon, in the immediate vicinity of the present City avenue bridge. This is still, as it probably was then, one of the most romantic parts of Lower Merion. The name given to the region by the first Colonists was Merioneth, from Merionethshire—Merion, or Meriawn, being the appellation of an old-time Welsh hero. The annexed list includes the names of seventeen first purchasers, or heads of families, who had cast in their lots with John ap Thomas—but it is believed that not all arrived on this first vessel, although their families were represented: John Thomas, Hugh Robert, Edward Jones, Robert David, Evan Rees, John Edward, Edward Owen,

William Edward, Edward Rees, William Jones, Thomas Richard, Rees John William, Thomas Lloyd, Cadwallader Morgan, John Watkins, Hugh John, and Gainor Robert.

The ordinary reader might have some difficulty in understanding the original list, in which many names are abbreviated in this fashion: "Wm. Ed." This name written in full would be "William ap Edward," or "William the son of Edward." The first Welsh Colonists, or the majority of them at least, had no surnames in the modern sense. Thus we find the children of William ap Edward calling themselves Edward William and Sarah William; while the children of his brother, John ap Edward, write their names Edward Edward and Elizabeth Edward. Rees John William also subscribes himself Rees John and Rees Jones, while his sons adopt Jones as a surname. Katherine Thomas, widow of John ap Thomas, when she arrived in Merion, brought with her a number of sons and daughters. Her son Robert called himself, not Robert Thomas, but Robert Jones (Johnes or Johns), her son Evan was known both as Evan Thomas and Evan Jones, and her son Thomas as Thomas ap John and Thomas Jones. The reader, then, begins to see why Jones is considered a most aristocratic name in Pennsylvania, also, the difficulties in tracing early relationships.

The family Bible of William ap Edward, mentioned above, is in possession of his descendant, Mrs. Deborah Cresswell, of Merion Station, Pennsylvania Railroad. This antiquated volume contains a most interesting record, so far as it goes. Among the entries is the statement that, "We are to settle near the Falls of Skoolkill." From the same record it appears that many of the first Colonists lived for a time in caves cut in the banks of the river. There were probably others than the seventeen purchasers or their families to arrive on the "Ship Lyon"—among them David Jones, David James, and Robert Turner. (This last was an Irishman. He merits special notice from the fact that he apparently crossed the Schuylkill, to its east bank, and followed the Wissahickon on its highlands, soon after purchasing a tract of land in this region. This tract he sold to a later Welsh colony composed of kinsmen of the first. Thus was made the beginning of some of the

Welsh settlements in Gwynedd, Montgomery County, and vicinity, where such names as Penllyn, North Wales, Jenkintown, and Evansburg are still in use.)

We are not quite sure of all the names of the forty persons who constituted the "First Welsh Families"—but we are quite safe in calling them the "First Congregation of Lower Merion Friends' Meeting."

The earliest record in the antique books belonging to the old meeting is the burial of a child, "Catherine Rees, daughter of Edward and Mabby Rees, 8, 23, 1682." This date would correspond to our October 23, 1682, a little over two months later than the arrival of the "Ship Lyon," which was in "the sixth month, called August," according to the ancient calendar.

Hugh Robert settled at Pencoyd, near the landing-place. Religious meetings were held at his residence for several years. The early records show that a number of marriages by Friends' ceremony were solemnized beneath his roof. It is said that a log meetinghouse was erected near the site of the present edifice very soon after the landing of the Colonists. Another tradition has it that the log church was nearer the site of the present Haverford College. Haverford Meeting was organized in 1684. Certain it is, however, that Edward Rees sold to the congregation of Merion Meeting, for a nominal sum, equivalent to about \$2.50 of our money, a tract of land in Lower Merion prior to 1695. Probably very soon after the burial of his own child, which is recorded "at Merion." Other burials are recorded almost as early, as that of "Evan John William, 1683," and "Joune Roberts, wife of Hugh, 1686."

Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse stands on the Old Lancaster Road, (Montgomery avenue), about one mile from City avenue, half a mile from Narberth Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, and seven miles from the City Hall, Philadelphia. The quaint, little building is in the form of a cross, each wing having a high, peaked gable. Each gable end contains an entrance door covered with an antique shingled portico, without supports. A shingled pediment or strip of roofing runs across each gable, forming the base of a triangle. The windows are set high above the ground and have picturesque diamond panes.

Although built in 1695 the structure was remodeled in the present century, so that its age is greatly disguised. To-day it is covered with a coating of cream-colored plaster which detracts from the venerable effect. This plaster will be removed before the celebration and the appearance of antiquity restored.

The interior of the meetinghouse has suffered little change further than being freshly painted and supplied with new carpet, when needed. The carpet is dull brown; the paint, plain white. The hard, uncolored wooden benches remain as before. Formerly there were two solid oak tables upon which marriage certificates were spread. One of these tables was sent to the Centennial and never returned. The peg is still pointed out upon which William Penn hung his hat when he preached to a Welsh congregation who could not understand him. A similar peg was stolen by relic-hunters—its place filled later by one cut from the wood of old-time benches. Pieces of these same old benches were borrowed and sent to the World's Fair. The meetinghouse stands in a beautiful grove of sycamores, maples, and cedars. The well-kept graveyard is enclosed by a picturesque stone wall, surmounted by a tall iron fence. Upon the low tombstones may be read the names of some of Philadelphia's oldest and best known families. None of the dates are very old, as in early days the Quakers would not permit the use of tombstones. Accordingly, about half the enclosure is smooth, green lawn, unmarked by mound or tablet—this area covers the remains of the earliest Colonists. The most ancient date that can be deciphered is 1779—it is on the headstone of Rebecca Roberts, aged 69 years. Near by is that of Jonathan Jones, who "departed this life 4th month, 8, 1821," aged 90. Jonathan Jones was the grandson of Dr. Edward Jones, the great-grandson of Dr. Thomas Wynne. His wife was Sarah Jones, granddaughter of John ap Thomas and daughter of Thomas Jones.

The Old Lancaster Road, upon which the meetinghouse faces, is laid out on site of the prehistoric Indian trail leading from the Delaware across the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna. Back of the meetinghouse, passing along the graveyard, is a lane towards the Schuylkill, two miles distant. The old structure is nearly opposite the village of Manayunk, the

latter situate on the Schuylkill a short distance above Pencoyd.

Close to the meetinghouse is the "Price Mansion," a grand old stone structure in the true colonial style. This stands upon part of the tract of 1,000 acres once belonging to Edward Rees. In the course of a few generations the name became Price. From Rees the transition to "Prees" was easy—it was a contraction of "ap Rees." Next it was written "Preece," then "Price." The tendency is first seen in the record of the birth of "Jane Prees, daughter of Edward and Mabby, 1682." A member of the family, who died a few years ago, signed himself "Edward Rees Price."

The first Edward Rees, generally regarded as the founder of Lower Merion Friends' Meeting, was a preacher of remarkable ability. With his brother, Evan Rees, he appeared as one of the martyrs who endured religious persecution in Wales. It was the sufferings of these devoted Friends which brought upon John ap Thomas the "concern" of providing for them an asylum in the New World.

We of to-day have little idea of what "religious persecution" really means. How many of us, who have lived, as it were, in sight of Merion Meeting all our lives, have the faintest conception of what its founders underwent before they reached the land in which they could build and worship in peace? The present writer read Thomas Ellis's poem in praise of "Freedom in Pennsylvania," without any adequate notion of what inspired his joyous outburst. But study the following from the original record in possession of Dr. A. S. Roberts, of Philadelphia :

"Evan Rees, of the Township of Penmaen, parish of Llanvawr, Merionethshire, Wales, was prominent in Friends' meetings in Wales and suffered much persecution therefrom: Anno 1676, Cadwallader Thomas, Rowland Ellis, Lewis Robert, Hugh Robert, Evan Rees, Edward Rees, Griffith John, Gainor David, and Elizabeth Williams were imprisoned on an Indictment for not resorting to their Parish Church, and at the Assizes, held the 6th of the month called August, at Bala, in Merionethshire, were brought before Kenrick Eyton and Thomas Walcott, Judges, who tendered them the oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, which they refusing to take, the judges in open court declared that in case they did refuse the Oaths the second time, they should be proceeded against as Traytors, the men to be hanged and quartered and the women to be burned. Fortunately this severe sentence was never carried into effect and the prisoners were

subsequently released. This was not his first appearance as a Quaker, for we read that in 1668, Evan Rees for a fine of 5s. had two yoke of oxen taken away to the value of £11. He intended to remove with his Friends to Pennsylvania during the first settlement, which purpose he, for some reason, never appears to have accomplished."

Evan's son, called after the fashion of that day, Rees Evan, was one of the early Colonists. Rees Evan married Elizabeth, daughter of John ap Thomas. Sidney Rees, daughter of Rees Evan and his wife Elizabeth, married Robert Roberts, son of John and Gaior Roberts and nephew of Hugh Roberts. John ap Thomas, of Llaithgwm, Commott of Pennllyn, in the County of Merioneth, gentleman, became a member of the Religious Society of Friends in the year 1672. Hugh Roberts, his neighbor and friend from his childhood, says of him :

"In the year 1672 he came to Friends' Meeting and was thoroughly convinced of God's truth, and he gave up in obedience to the heavenly Father's call, though it was a time of great suffering; the first two meetings he was at he was fined 5s., for which the informer took from him two oxen, and a horse that was valued to be worth £11, and returned nothing back.

"The appearance of truth was so precious to him that he did not only make profession of it, but was also made willing to suffer for its sake, which he did valiantly. When this faithful man first came among us, it was the hottest time of persecution that we ever underwent. The chief informer being a cunning, subtle man, seeing that the high constables and petty constables were something backward to execute his warrants, intended to have been the high constable so that he might make a quick despatch.

"Most of the great men being willing to assist John ap Thomas in what they could, this good man went to one of the justices that was moderate and requested that he might accept him to be the high constable, which was granted. So the informer went on and informed against Friends, and when he got a warrant, he brought it to the high constable according to his orders; so he received his warrant, time after time, and would tell the informer to go about his business, that he was responsible for them. And thus the informer continued to go about until he had got nine warrants, not questioning but that he would ruin him at last, for there was a clause in the act that if the constables would refuse to execute their office, they would be fined to a great extent for every neglect. He kept his warrants until the King's declaration came to put a stop to these wicked informers.

"Thus this faithful and valiant man hazarded his own estate to save his friends and brethren, and this he did soon after he received the Truth. The Lord blessed him and that in every way. He bestowed upon him a

gift in the ministry, by which he hath been serv'ceable to many, and although it falls out sometimes that a prophet hath not honor in his own country, yet I know that he was honored, owned and dearly beloved, and was of great service unto many. So he growed and prospered in the truth unto his dying day. He had a tedious sickness, in which time his pleasure was in exhorting his friends, his wife, and children to be faithful in the Lord.

"A little while before his departure, I and other Friends were with him. Praising the name of the Lord, he took his leave of Friends, and so in a sweet and heavenly praise, he departed the 3d day of 3d month, 1683."

John ap Thomas is mentioned in Besse's *Sufferings of Friends*, Gough's *History of Friends*, and Proud's *History of Pennsylvania*. In many instances he had property taken from him for tithes for refusing to swear. Among other sufferers were Cadwallader ap Thomas ap Hugh, Robert Owen, Hugh Roberts, John David, John Robert David, and Jonett John, who were punished for attending "seditious conventicles, under colour or pretence of religion other than according to the Liturgie."

The persecutions endured by the early members of Lower Merion Meeting and their friends are set forth in the "Narrative of John Humphreys," one of the first settlers near what is now Ardmore. This narrative is quoted in full in "Jenkin's History of Gwynnedd."

As stated above, Lower Merion Meeting was organized in 1682, Haverford Meeting in 1684. Haverford, afterwards became the monthly meeting, including under its jurisdiction the particular meetings of Merion, Radnor, Tredyffrin, Gwynnedd, and Schuylkill. This last was situate in Blockley Township, near the present Market street bridge. It would seem that the Welsh had their own ferryboat at this place, under the care of the Schuylkill Meeting. Certain it is that for a long time the monthly meeting regulated the secular affairs of the Welsh tract. In one instance we find Haverford Meeting requiring its members to build fences.

Church and State were one in the Welsh Barony until 1688, at least. Then began a series of encroachments into the Cambrian tract, followed by the vigorous protest of these "descendants of the ancient Britons." This "First Declaration

of Independence" was signed by Thomas Ellis, Griffith Owen, John Bevan, Hugh Roberts, Henry Lewis, William Howell, John Evans, Robert Davies, Francis Howell, William Jenkin, John Humphrey, Samuel Rees, Morris Llewellyn, John Roberts, David Meredith, Richard Orme, Rees Peter, Hugh Jones, David Evan, John Jarmon, and Phylip Evan.

The boundaries of the tract had been "laid out ye 8th mo., 1684. Finished 11th month ensuing." The first purchasers, including the original seventeen, were Charles Lloyd, Margaret Davis, Richard Davis, William Jenkins, John Poyer, John Burge, William Mordant, William Powell, Lewis David, Morris Llewellyn, Thomas Simonse, John Bevan, Edward Prichard, John ap John, Thomas Wyn, Edward Joanes, John Thomas, Richard Davis, Richard ap Thomas, Mordecai Moore, John Millinton, Henry Right, Daniell Medlecott, Thomas Ellis, Patt Roules, Humphry Thomas, David Powell, John Kinsy, David Meredith, David Davis, Thomas John Evan, John Evans, John Jarmon, David Kinsy, Evan Oliver, Samuel Miles, Thomas Joanes, Daniell Harry, Henry Joanes, John Welb, John ffish, John Day, Barker and Simson, Barker and Jobson, William Wood and Sharlow, Thomas Lloyd, Thomas David, Philip Howel, Hugh Robarts, Robert William, David Lloyd, Robert David, Evan Rees, John Edward, Edward Owen, William Edward, Edward Rees, William Jones, Thomas Richards, Rees John William, Cadwallader Morgan, John Watkin, Hugh John, and Gainor Robert.

As stated above, settlements in the Welsh tract grew so rapidly that it is difficult to keep track of them all. It must not be forgotten that not all of the Welsh settlers were Quakers—and that none of the other denominations kept such accurate records as did the Friends of Merion and Haverford. So that many noble pioneers in Merion, Haverford, Radnor, Newtown, Tredyffrin, Goshen, Whiteland, Charlestown, Nantmeal, Uwchlan, and Caln have left us next to nothing of their early history.

The inhabitants of the Welsh tract long lived in peace and plenty. As early as 1694 the members of Merion and Haverford Meetings collected a sum amounting to more than \$650 to be given to the poor of New England. The Cambrians sent their charity a long way, as they had no nearer calls.

The Cambrians also cultivated letters. Haverford Meeting, soon after its organization, caused the publication of several books in the Welsh language. The antiquarian, who chooses to explore this field, may find it as interesting as the Teutonic-American literature of Germantown and Ephrata.

Allusion has already been made to a poem by Thomas Ellis, written in "the British language." It was thus translated into English by John Humphrey:

Pennsylvania an habitation
With certain, sure and clear foundation,
Where the dawning of the day
Expels the thick, dark night away.

Lord, give us here a place to feed
And pass my life among thy seed,
That in our bounds, true love and peace
From age to age may never cease.

Then shall the trees and fields increase
Heaven and earth proclaim thy peace,
That we and they—forever, Lord,
Show forth thy praise with one accord.

It would really seem that the prayers of the Keltic bard were answered in the Keltic colony.

The present writer has found no trace of any great disturbances in the Welsh tract from the time of the division by county lines in 1689 until the outbreak of the French and Indian War. Then the old fighting Cambrian blood asserted itself once more, and the young men of the Barony prepared for active hostilities. The "Associators" were formed, a body of militia recruited largely from the Welsh townships. Among the officers showing the Keltic strain in their names may be mentioned General John Thomas, Captain David Parry, and Ensigns Rowland Parry and John Rees. Welsh names abound among the lists of privates.

A great number of young men were disowned by Friends' Meetings for enlisting, as war was contrary to the Quaker principles. But the services of the Associators were never required. Chester County's contribution to the defense of the frontier took the form of provisions and wagons. It must be remembered, that, in those days, everything sent to what was

then the West was "teamed" over the Allegheny Mountains. "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies" was as picturesque a figure of the Colonial and Revolutionary period as the California Miner or the Scout of the Plains in recent decades.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

A BACKWARD GLIMPSE.

WE drop a tear for the patriot brave—
As we raise a shout for a nation saved—
And mark the place of the hero's grave,
With our Country's flag above it.
While words, deep graven in granite gray,
Now tell to the stranger who wanders this way,
That she merits our notice to-day
Who long has slept below it.

Her hands, tho' at last calmly folded, and thin,
Were wringing with anguish 'mid battle's fierce din
On the day that her hero and kinsmen fell, slain
By the sword which home had defended.
"O morn's tardy beams, look kindly within,
To cheer and to brighten the weary eye, dim"—
For alas that it must be—yonder brave men
Were moaning and dreaming of kindred.

Her hand waver'd not; her young step ne'er was lighter
Than when it encounter'd their life blood; and tighter
She grasped that first cup of cold water,
And held it to lips growing grim.
In the eye that met hers—glowing brightly with fever—
A new hope was born of this sympathy, sweeter
Than e'en life itself; it said to the helper
"We'll live—God willing—and win."

The scenes which, a part of that long time ago,—
Have crumbled and changed 'neath many a snow,*
Or brightened and greened † with the sweet summer's glôw—
Are a part of our historic treasure.
But the burdens our foremothers—laden with then—
Seem'd nothing to them, neither actual pain—
If the end of it all were a dear Country's gain—
To suffer seem'd even a pleasure.

* The pickets, platforms, and barracks of Fort Griswold are dust.

† The ramparts of the fort are still grassy and perfect.

They cared for the homes which our sires had left,
Whose absence was cheered by the loved so bereft ;
And hearth-fires kept burning while willing hands deft—
Moved in time with the spinning-wheel's hum.
With courage and bravery, with sterling strong sense,
The *maiden* inherently added her pence ;
While with wit and with laughter—none deemed an offense
Her *heart* beat time for the drum.

But Old Father Time—who life's wheels e'er revolving—
That relentless reminder of life's fateful morning—
Bade them welcome the heavens' effulgence surrounding,
Which enfolded and bore them away.
Home faces then cheer'd them and hand clasps far dearer
For hardships encounter'd and conquer'd, as nearer
Sweet voices then greeted ; and clearer
The dawning of day.

HORTENSE D. FISH.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

MACAULAY said that Sir Walter Scott's novels were the best history of England that was ever written. The reason is evident. The books referred to treat of the habits, manners, customs, and the domestic conditions and personal relations of the people of the period to which they relate. The life of a nation is more closely wrapped up in these elements apparently of private concern, and the character and quality of the people more exactly illustrated by them, than by the public demonstrations of statesmen and soldiers, who occasionally float to the surface and become for a brief time conspicuous in the midst of political excitement or national disasters. It is the home life of a people that is its real life. It is there that the best, the purest, and most characteristic qualities of human nature are developed ; it is there that progress is begun, that the seeds for good or evil are planted, and the quality of the product is definitely determined. There are found the influences which mold and determine the manners, the habits, the customs, the taste, and the tendencies of individuals, and it is of these individuals, aggregated and brought together, that the national life is made up. The character of a nation cannot rise above the character of the people who compose it.

The people of this country at the time of, and prior to the Revolution, were far from being homogeneous. The Colonists were of divers qualities, habits, thoughts, and sentiments. So long as they were merely Colonists, each community preserved to a very great extent its distinctive peculiarities. The families of these communities respectively had their own characteristics, their own Lares and Penates. There was but little of active sympathy between them. Each had its angularities, its sharp and bristling projections, which were continually giving offense to the others. The stubborn and uncompromising Puritan of Massachusetts Bay was a poor companion or associate for the dashing cavalier of South Carolina, and this poverty of good fellowship was fully reciprocated. The Quakers of Pennsylvania had but little in common with the followers of Lord Baltimore in Maryland. The settlers upon the banks of the James, adventurers of all grades and kinds at the first, and who could tolerate, if not be proud of, the redoubtable John Smith, as rash and daring a free-rider as ever served in the armies of southern Europe, and to whom a service with the Sultan of Turkey had been as attractive as that under the most Christian King, found little in common with their fellows of the wilderness, whether near or remote. It was a common danger and a common pressure which brought these discordant elements closer together, and finally into such immediate contact with each other as broke off, or wore away, the angularities and projecting points which for years had kept them asunder.

A few things, however (and they were important), they had in common. The settlers and Colonists along the eastern coast of North America, from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the mouth of the St. Croix River, were mainly of English descent, and their tenure of rights, whether of lands or governmental powers, were under grants from the Crown of Great Britain. The impressions, sentiments, habits, tastes, and peculiarities which they had, they had brought with them from England. They would have quarreled and stood aloof from each other in England, just as they did on this Continent, during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century; but at the same time the memories of the past, the political, civil, and religious liberties which they enjoyed, the manners and

customs which prevailed with them respectively, although so diverse and apparently irreconcilable, were all of English growth, and it was to England that they all looked for protection and defense, however they might disagree as between themselves. In these conditions there was a rallying point for association and union, a strong magnet, tending toward harmony of thought, harmony of action, harmony of taste and manners, which the pressure and necessities of the Revolutionary period developed into vigorous activity, and the result was our national independence.

The facts, thus briefly stated, show how it happened, and how inevitable it was, that during the Revolutionary period, and for many succeeding years, the habits, manners, and customs of the American people were patterned after the English model. Everything they had, even reaching up to their methods of thinking, had been cast in an English mold. France and Spain, with the crowds of adventurers, convicts, and priests who controlled their mercenary and fanatical schemes of earlier colonization, had long prior to that time abandoned their pretensions to the domination of the eastern coast of North America within the limits already stated. It might almost be said with historical truth that England alone was the foreign correspondent of the American Colonies. What, then, could be more natural than that they should draw upon England for their manners and customs, their style of dress, their forms and ceremonies, and have cultivated their tastes in etiquette and art in the schools of English society? Practically such schools were their only resort until time had developed wider fields and greater opportunities. The change came as the country and its people grew in strength and resources; but it is the Revolutionary period to which attention is called by the subject of this paper.

Of the production of art and artists there were few in the Colonies. Esthetic taste and cultivation were crowded out by the sterner necessities of living. Neither the means nor the opportunities for the prosecution of art studies or the accumulation of works of art were present except in a very limited degree. Only a few men who came to this country prior or immediately subsequent to the Revolutionary period brought

with them much or anything which would be recognized to-day as deserving of notice amongst art connoisseurs, and native ability found little encouragement in that direction. It acted, if it acted at all, under rigid rules of propriety such as belonged to the times, and to which it must pay deference and give expression.

In the art gallery of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, there are a few examples of works of art belonging to the eighteenth century, left to the college as part of the donation of James Bowdoin, whose ancestor largely contributed to that institution of learning. These paintings, portraits mainly of prominent people, were gathered by Mr. Bowdoin whilst abroad as a representative of the Government of the United States, prior to the year 1808. It is the only collection of its class, so far as I am advised, which has been kept together for so long a time and is on public exhibition, and which represents the artistic efforts of the painters of that period so conspicuously. There are few, if any, galleries of paintings in this country which date back so far as that.

Practically the period covered by the subject of this paper discloses but little effort in the artistic line in this country. A few illustrations by way of quotation from books relating to the subject will explain the situation. The period produced its own characteristics in the work of its artists. It is said of Copley, who lived between the years 1737 and 1815:

"The want of ease and grace in the time-hallowed portraits is as authentic as the costume. They illustrate the men and women of a day when pride, decorum, and an elegance, sometimes ungraceful but always impressive, marked the dress and air of the higher classes. The faces are rarely insipid and the hands fair and delicately moulded. It appears to have been a favorite mode to introduce writing materials and to select attitudes denoting a kind of meditative leisure. A rich brocade dressing gown and velvet cap, a high backed and daintily carved chair are frequent. The hardness of the outlines and the semiofficial aspect of the figures correspond exactly with the spirit of those times. Pride of birth had not been superseded by pride of wealth."

The distinction of gentle blood was still cherished. Equality had only begun to assert itself as a political axiom; as a social principle it had not dawned upon the most ultra reformers.

Sharpless, an English miniature painter, not particularly

distinguished in his own home among the many famous artists, made a great sensation in America. He traveled around the country with his whole family in a four-wheeled coach, making portraits of all the distinguished people. The portrait was finished in about two hours, and the price for a profile was \$15, for a full face \$20. He painted a profile of George and Martha Washington, and a full face of the former. These pictures were made for a Mr. Cary, in England, and were constantly visited by traveling Americans.

"He, Sharpless, brought with him from England a portrait of Burke and one of Erskine. Everyone asked him out to tea, and it was expected that the portraits should accompany him on every occasion."

Charles Gilbert Stuart and Edward G. Malbone were conspicuous examples of the best work of portrait or miniature painting of the period to which I am referring. Malbone was a native of Rhode Island, and illustrations of his work are still to be found.

"Evidence of his skill is afforded in the fact that a foreign artist recognized in the miniature of a beautiful girl of seventeen the features of an old lady to whom he had been introduced a few days before."

During this period also, Eugene Pierre du Sintiére, a West India Frenchman, cut profiles from black paper. He made in this way the profile of Washington, which was copied and used on the first American coin in this country. He was also a painter of miniature in water colors.

The manners and customs of the people of the Revolutionary period corresponded with their conditions, and with the education which they had received, or were able to acquire. Official life, to a very large extent, had, what would to-day be called, a stilted side to it, an abruptness, positiveness, amounting in many cases to absurdity. The chief quality of that life in that day was its formal stability. No chance for parvenuism, no stocks in which to speculate, no sudden fortunes made. People lived on their broad lands, and when they died it was understood that the eldest son inherited the family residence. On their carriages and silver were emblazoned their arms brought from England, by which everyone knew them, which were used as a matter of course, and were a distinction no one ventured to assume unless entitled to them.

Gentlemen were great diners-out, and the giving of dinners was considered a science. Manners were most punctillious even among those best acquainted. The tradition is that many husbands and wives as the last thing before retiring at night were accustomed to salute each other with a bow and a courtesy. Among Washington's rules of civility was this: "Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present." There was also, in appearance at least, an extreme austerity in morals and religion.

The history of Philadelphia tells us that—

"Our girls in the daytime used to attend to the work of the family, and in the evening paraded on their porch at the door. Those who had not housework, employed themselves in their accomplishments, such as making shellwork cornucopias, working of pocketbooks with a close, strong stitched needlework."

The Marquis de Chastillux writes of these times:

"Desmoiselles here (Boston) have the liberty enjoyed in Geneva when morality was there, in the time of the Republic, and they did not abuse it. Their frank and tender hearts had nothing to fear from the perfidy of men, the vows of love were believed, and to sum up, all wives were occupied in rendering their husbands happy."

One of the hospitable customs of New England which prevailed at this time was that of preparing a tankard of punch every morning, and visitors during the day were invited to partake of it; the master of the house sometimes taking the vessel from its cooler, and after drinking from it himself, handing it to the guests. It would be surprising at this day to find a letter from a daughter to a father concluding with: "I am, with the most sincere respect and affection, your daughter," and from a son, "I am, with profound respect, your obedient son."

Social distinction was marked and well-defined. The upper class or gentry, so called, were composed of "all who held office and who possessed wealth, all of the clerical order, and all who had family connections in England, and dressed as the fashions of the times determined to be appropriate to their station."

All hired women wore short gowns and petticoats of domestic fabric, and could be instantly recognized as such whenever seen abroad. Slaves were held in 1775 in Ulster County, New

York,—a male slave between fifteen and forty years of age was valued at \$150. In the *Oswego Herald*, 1779, appeared this advertisement :

"A young wench for sale. She is a good cook, and ready at all kinds of housework. None can exceed her if she is kept from liquor. She is twenty-four years of age—no husband nor children."

This may serve to illustrate the condition of service in the halcyon period of American simplicity to which politicians nowadays so often refer.

Coffeehouses were places of great resort. Here the newspapers were to be seen, and gentlemen gathered to exchange opinions and for discussion. "At the Tontine Coffeehouse, corner of Wall and Water streets, New York, a gentleman could live handsomely for seventy to eighty pounds a year, wine and porter excepted."

The houses of that period were simple and substantial. A description of one will answer for many. The Schuyler house at Albany, built by General Bradstreet :

"Building eighty feet square, roof double-hip pattern, dormer windows, and two square chimneys. Within is a main hall thirty feet long by twenty feet high. The hall was paneled and painted white. The house had a secret stairway leading to an underground passage, which was connected with the barracks not far away,—heavy doors, brass knobs, and locks."

Marble mantles, sideboards, and folding doors were unknown before the Revolution.

In 1790 wall paper was introduced. Parlors had white floors sprinkled with clean white sand drawn into patterns with a broom. Carpets were very rare and highly prized, and only covered the center of floors. Families of affluence had couches covered with worsted damask. Plain people used settees, or settles, having high backs of plain boards unpainted, and white with unspared scrubbing. They were placed before the fireplace to keep the back from wind and cold. Chairs, tables, and bedsteads of the better quality for family use were generally of mahogany, simple in construction, graceful in form, and usually with legs curiously turned or carved. Instead of waiters teaboards and round teatable, which could be turned up against the wall, were used. Corner closets called "beaufets" had glass doors for displaying all the china

and silver of the family. Small pictures painted on glass with black moldings for frames, or mirrors, were the adornment of the walls. High chests of drawers were in every parlor and clock cases reached the ceiling. Lamps were unknown in parlors. Dipped candles in brass candlesticks were in general use. The bedsteads were high, in many cases requiring the use of step-ladders, and rope corded, having white or blue and white coverlids and dimity curtains. One style of bureau consisted of enclosed shelves in the top, a writing desk with pigeon-holes in the middle and drawers below with brass handles. Writing paper was of creamy hue and envelopes were unknown. Quill pens were in constant use, and instead of blotting paper sand was used and sealing wax to fasten the folded sheet. It would have been vulgar to moisten the sticking material of an envelope for a letter by drawing it through the mouth.

General Washington's coach (an imported one) had the body and wheels cream color, with gilt moldings. It was suspended upon heavy leather straps and iron springs and drawn by six bay horses, and the horses' hoofs were painted black. His arms were emblazoned on the door and upon each of the four panels was an allegorical picture emblematic of the seasons.

Mrs. Washington on her trip to the American camp was attended by her servants and a small escort of soldiers. Her chariot was drawn by four magnificent horses and she was attended by as many postillions in red and white liveries. It was an unusual sight even in that day; it would be a strange one to-day; but she was only pursuing a fashion then in vogue among the Virginia aristocracy. The spirit of the times and the character of the woman, added to the imperiousness of her demeanor, aided the soldiers in at once giving her the title of "Lady Washington." The travel of the country was then done mostly in carriages and on horseback, and the style in which it was accomplished was one relating to the real or assumed importance of the traveler.

The family china and silver were, in those days, kept in corner closets in the diningroom, and was cared for by the mistress of the house. After meals a basin of warm water was placed before my lady, and her own fair fingers washed and wiped the

china and glass, not because of lack of service, but because fragile dishes were too highly prized in those days for careless hands to touch. And just here I digress to say that the nineteenth century knows a china more beautiful, fragile, and precious than any our great-grandmothers ever knew, but lacks the care.

A conspicuous article in houses was always a great china punch bowl; for wine drinking was then much less in vogue. China teapots and coffeepots with silver nozzles were a mark of superior finery. Plated ware was unknown. Where we now use earthenware, they used Delft, imported from England. Instead of queensware (then not known), pewter plates and porringers, made to shine along a dresser, were universal; common people ate from wooden trenchers.

Mrs. Franklin writing to her husband, while he was in France, says, "The blue room has a set of china. I bought it since you went from home, and a very handsome mahogany stand for the teakettle to stand on, and the ornamental china." This ornamental china consisted of several odd pitchers, berry or salad dishes. Some of the odd dishes of those times were "china boats" for spoons, Turk cups, mint stands, custard stoves, also china tumblers with covers, "sniffers" were pudding dishes, "goglets" were small jugs for holding water for sleeping rooms. Washington in refurnishing his house at Mount Vernon ordered a small room to be appropriated for the Sèvres china, and other things of that sort not in common use. This was probably the china presented to himself and Mrs. Washington by the officers of the French Army. One set of this was dull white, encircled with a leaf pattern band of deep blue, and on each piece was the order of the "Cincinnati" painted in delicate colors.

The few family portraits, articles of vertu or family jewels brought from the mother country, were not often, in those days, brought to light, but were carefully hidden as things to be looked upon at rare intervals—seldom or never used. I have now a piece of blue and white china, which formed a part of a set presented by the Emperor of China to General Washington, and used by him at Mount Vernon.

ELLEN R. JEWETT.

(Concluded in September number.)

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE SHOWN AMONG THE
PIONEERS OF WESTERN VIRGINIA AND THE
CAROLINAS IN 1774.

THE hotly contested battle of Point Pleasant was fought October 10, 1774, by the Colonial troops, commanded by General Andrew Lewis, against the Shawnees, Delaware, Mingoes, and other hostile tribes of Indians, led by the warlike chief of the Shawnees, Cornstalk. The Colonial troops were victorious, leaving a large number of the enemy dead upon the field.

Just three weeks after this eventful engagement, on November 5, 1774, General Lewis, his officers, and men declared,

"As the love of liberty and attachment to the real interests of America outweigh every other consideration, we resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty and for the support of her just rights and privileges."

And on the 20th of January, 1775, two months later, Colonels William Campbell, William Preston, Gilbert Christian, William Edmondson, Arthur Campbell, John Campbell, the Rev. Charles Cummings, and many other leading men of Fincastle County, Virginia, comprising the Holston settlements, sent a calm and patriotic address to the Continental Congress, announcing that—

"If no specific measures shall be proposed and adopted by Great Britain, and our enemies attempt to dragoon us out of those inestimable privileges which we are entitled to as subjects, and reduce us to slavery, we declare that we are deliberately and resolutely determined never to surrender them to any powers upon earth but at the expense of our lives. These are our real and unpolished sentiments of liberty and loyalty, and in them we are resolved to live and die.

Influenced by such publicly expressed sentiments the settlers of Western Virginia were ever on the alert, waiting for developments from the east. As soon, therefore, as the echoes of Patrick Henry's patriotic appeals reverberated among the hills of the Holston Valley, they were ready for action, well knowing how exposed they were to the attacks of the British and Indians on the frontier. The English Government was aware of the increasing spirit of rebellion among the Colonists in

America, and they were using every means in their power to subjugate them, and a part of the measures adopted by her officers was to arm the Indian tribes on the frontier and incite them to hostilities against the settlers. Alexander Cameron, John Stuart, and Dr. John Connelley were the officers who were sent among the Indians to arm and prepare them to fight with the British in the impending struggle against the Colonists, and they aroused the savages to open hostilities before the breaking out of the War of Independence.

Thus it can be seen what great disadvantages the settlers of Western Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia had to contend against during that long struggle between the Colonies and Great Britain. English foes from the east and south, Tories at home, and the most warlike and savage tribes of Indians on the west, led by the most cruel and unscrupulous of men in the British Army.

By great hardihood, endurance, and a stern adherence to principle, our worthy forefathers paved the way for the future greatness of the United States of America.

Though more than a century has passed since many of those brave patriots have passed off the stage of action, their noble deeds should be remembered in song and story by the coming generations, and this should be the work of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARGARET CAMPBELL PILCHER,
Regent Campbell Chapter.

GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN November, 1775, occurred the first battle of Ninety-Six, an event but little noticed in the histories. It was the first real battle of the war. Colonel Andrew Williamson, commanding the Whig forces, was besieged three days in a log fort and forced to capitulate. The agreement referred the settlement of the dispute to the Governor and Council of Safety respectively. The articles were signed by Colonel Joseph Robinson for the King and by Colonel Andrew Williamson and Major James Mayson for the Council. They were attested by Patrick Cunningham and Richard Pearis, Andrew Pickens and John Bowie, in

or the two sides. According to the account of Mayson and Williamson the Americans had five hundred men, the British two thousand, commanded by Colonel Joseph Robinson. The American loss was one man killed and eleven wounded; the British thirty killed and about fifteen wounded.

The treaty was faithfully kept by the Americans, but foully violated by the Tories in a month afterwards. Pickens was appointed captain of militia, and immediately organized a company. He served in various engagements until 1777, when he was appointed colonel and assigned a command of his own. There was a large band of Tories operating in upper Carolina and Georgia, under Colonel Boyd. When pressed in South Carolina they would retire to Georgia, returning at the first opportunity and spreading terror along the frontier. These Pickens determined to destroy. Collecting a force of seven or eight hundred men he pursued them and brought them to bay on Kettle Creek, Georgia, at the present site of Washington, in Wilkes County (White's statistics). The Tory force was nearly double that of the Whigs. There was a crest commanding the field which the Tory commander had left unoccupied. Upon this Pickens seized, and though twice driven back, completely routed the Tories, killing their leader and destroying their force effectually. In this year his son Andrew was born, the future Governor of South Carolina.

After the fall of Charleston, 1780, Pickens, like Hayne and others of South Carolina's bravest sons, took British protection. The conditions of this protection were honorable, but were sought to be violated by the British themselves—a fatal blunder, as after events showed. When orders came that all who had taken protection must take up arms against their country, then Pickens resumed his sword for the American cause and was outlawed.

The first action of note he was engaged in was the battle of Cowpens. So much misconception has arisen in regard to this action that we shall be careful to divest it of conflicting details and present the bare account, upon which British and American authorities are agreed. The honor of winning the fight has been claimed for no less than five men, viz: Morgan, Hughes, Washington, Pickens, and Howard. Morgan, of

course, nominally has the palm, as being in command. The clear narrative of events leaves no room to doubt, however, who won the fight at Cowpens. Tarleton, who was pursuing Morgan, came up with him at Hannah's Cowpens, in Spartanburg County. The British troops were not in good condition for a fight, having been jaded by a long and forced march, when Tarleton found himself face to face with his adversary, and the fight began. Morgan had taken up his position on a small crest, where his picked troops under Colonel Howard, of Maryland, were stationed. About one hundred and fifty yards in advance of this line Colonel Pickens with about three hundred men (North and South Carolina militia) was posted. One hundred and fifty yards in advance of this were the American sharpshooters, under Colonels Cunningham and McDowel. Washington's cavalry were held in reserve. Tarleton ordered his cavalry to drive in the sharpshooters, who now fell back, and thus the fight commenced in earnest. Pickens's men, after standing a galling fire for a few moments, broke and fled, when Howard's men became engaged with the enemy. Tarleton's infantry advanced, driving back Howard. Washington brought his dragoons to Howard's assistance, but the British onslaught carried everything before it. Pickens, after rallying his men, re-formed them behind and waited there, stopping all stragglers and putting them into his ranks. At this instant Howard's men were in full retreat. The victorious British pressed on, when, "all of a sudden," says Tarleton, "my men were seized with a sudden and mysterious panic." It was simply this: Pickens's command had poured a deadly flank fire into them, before which they quailed. As they wavered Howard's men renewed the fight, and to add to their confusion Washington's cavalry charged. "Pickens showed himself above the second hill advancing to support the right, and in twenty minutes the whole British Army were in possession of the Americans." (Johnson's Life of Green, Vol. I, p. 381.) "In vain did Tarleton urge forward his men. Pickens's marksmen had now opened upon them, and they literally broke away with a *'sauve qui peut.'* The Seventy-first exhibited for some time a countenance and maintained their order to the last. But when the cavalry fled and the whole weight of the American Army

pressed upon them resistance was vain. They laid down their arms and Colonel Pickens in person received the sword of their commander, McArthur. Colonel Pickens, with a suitable detachment of mounted militia, was left upon the field to bury the dead and provide for the wants and comforts of the wounded of both armies. This duty was discharged with the care and diligence of a brave and benevolent man. The next next day Pickens rejoined his commander." (*Ibid. seq.*)

For this brilliant action Congress voted medals to Morgan, Washington, and Howard, but a sword, with the thanks of the country, to Pickens. Now who won the fight at Cowpens? It is not our purpose to detract from Morgan, Washington, or Howard, but simply to give Pickens his due, which has not hitherto been accorded him. (Cf. Ramsay, Tarleton, McCall, Lee, and Moultrie for the truth of these statements.) Johnson says further "that most of the American militia, like their commander, Pickens, fought with halters round their necks. No eulogium of ours can add to the reputation of Pickens." (*Life of Greene*, Vol. I, p. 245.)

The battle of Cowpens took place January 17, 1781. After this Pickens operated with the regular army. When Greene marched upon Ninety-Six, Pickens and Lee were sent with a detachment against Augusta. They pressed the siege of Augusta with such vigor and care that this important post surrendered on June 5th, and the two commanders rejoined Greene at Ninety-Six.

Lawlessness and deeds of violence were rife in the Ninety-Six region. People refugeed in large numbers. It became necessary to check this or the region would be depopulated, which would seriously affect the provisioning of the army. Pickens used all his influence. Finding that his own family had come to Ninety-Six in wagons in order to be under the protection of the army, he made them return home at once. By this sublime and patriotic deed the country round about was spared depopulation. People who had left returned, and confidence in the American cause was renewed. It is an act upon which we do not dilate. For no wealth of language or rhetoric can add a tittle to its beauty and worth; it is limned as if by the finger of an archangel on the changeless records of

time. To save his country he devoted his wife and helpless babies to the risk of butchery. One word more of this: When hostilities were over and many miserable wretches, cut off from British protection, threw themselves on the mercy of their Whig neighbors, Pickens was the friend to the friendless, and saved much bloodshed by pacific counsels. In a letter to Captain William Butler, dated August 21, 1782, Pickens orders him to enlist twenty-five men for the protection of citizens against lawlessness. Butler is enjoined to protect property and life; to pay for what he obtained or give receipts in order that such articles might be paid for later by the State. The letter is a model—forceful, prudent, wise. (See Gibbess' *Doc. Hist.*, Vol. II, p. 210.)

After the siege of Ninety-Six Pickens was assigned the arduous task of watching and harassing the British Army to cover Greene's retreat. This he did with distinguished ability. At the battle of the Eutaws he was wounded in the breast when leading the American charge. Save for a short service around Charleston his next movement in September, 1782, was against the Cherokee Indians, whom he completely subdued with only four hundred men and compelled them to make a treaty the next spring which ceded valuable territory to South Carolina. This included the present counties of Anderson, Pickens, Oconee, and Greenville. The treaty was conducted by Pickens in person and concluded on his own place. Pickens received since little credit for this action. Johnson assigns the following reason: "Pickens was one of the most unambitious and unostentatious of men. Public applause he never sought or regarded, an opportunity to serve his country he seized on as a blessing sent from heaven. The service rendered, he scarcely seemed to think of it more." His simple, unassuming, rather diffident, even taciturn habits, suggested no idea of the energy of his character. It was only in the hour of command, or of battle, that his mind animated his figure, and exhibited its latent vigor and resources. Yet he was often called into public service in the counsels of his country. Then his strong good sense, great weight of character, and clear, full conceptions seldom failed to bear away opposition." (*Life of Greene*, Vol. II, p. 348.) General Greene in a letter to Colonel Lee,

written during the siege of Augusta, says, "I am happy to hear that you and General Pickens are on a perfectly, good footing, and I beg that you will cultivate it by all the means in your power. He is a worthy, good man, and merits great respect and attention, and no man in this country (*i. e.*, upper Carolina) has half the influence that he has." (*Ibid.*) It will be seen that this confirms the opinion expressed before by the author of this essay. Pickens's military career ended with the expedition against the Indians. After the war he was one of the commissioners appointed to lay off the counties of Abbeville, Edgefield, Laurens, and Newberry; served three years as major general of State militia; was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of South Carolina, a member of the Legislature for several terms, and was sent to Congress in 1791 for one term and declined reëlection. In 1801 he abandoned public life; but in 1812 reëntered the Legislature. In this year he was offered the governorship but declined it with characteristic modesty. On one occasion Washington sent for Pickens to come to Philadelphia to consult about the best means of dealing with the Indians—a high compliment to Pickens's knowledge of this savage race. The result of the interview is not known to us. From 1812, until his death in 1817, General Pickens resided at Hopewell in the Pendleton district, where he had moved after the war.

We conclude this article with two tributes, different in time but one in effect (as all judgments on Pickens were). The learned editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana* says: "Throughout his whole career he was distinguished for a scrupulous performance of every duty. His character was marked by simplicity, decision, and prudence." Dr. George Howe (*Hist. of Presbyterian Church in South Carolina*, p. 560, ff. note) says: "He was a man of few words, rather stern in his manner, but of great integrity, wisdom, and courage, and was greatly respected by his Indian neighbors as well as by all others." His was the star that illumined our night of sorrow, though its radiance is lost in the sunburst of our prosperity. Think of it as you will, he was one of those "who, stripping life bare, stand forth models for men."

JAMES HENRY RICE, JR.

A SKETCH.

IN the spring of 1777, Connecticut became more fully aroused to the fact that her own homes were not secure from British invasion. Long prepared as she had been to meet her foe on home ground, yet, when the summons came that the "Red Coats" had actually landed, the first flash of dread that whitened faces settled into wills of resistance that made iron in the blood. On April 25, 1777, the parish of Green's Farms was awakened as one from sleep, as in the dusky evening a horseman came in furious haste to shout the news that the British had landed at Cedar Point, Norwalk, and were marching to Danbury. Rev. Hezekiah Ripley, the pastor of the Congregational church, was the chaplain of brigade commanded by Brigadier General Lilliman, formed in the town of Fairfield, of which Green's Farms was a parish. Chaplain Ripley's right-hand man in helpful labor, both in church and town, was the stalwart young patriot John Gray. His betrothal to Mary Burr, one of the most lovely maidens of his flock, was to him and his wife Dorothy a union under Divine guidance. The excitement was great in the little colony, and none were more earnest than the faithful women who gave husbands, sons, and brothers comfort in words and deeds. The chaplain, standing on the green, gathered the few about him who had returned for home duties, whilst awaiting action, and with bared head and raised hand besought God's protection and blessing on this call to arms, and as the "Amen" came earnest and strong he laid his hand on the shoulder of John Gray.

* * * * *

"Mary, why do you look so pale?" and John Gray quickly scanned the sweet face that walked rapidly by his side, as he hastened on the "King's Highway," to join General Silliman at Fairfield. "Are you going to be a soldier, too?" he laughingly added. Her lips quivered and quickly the bright blood flushed her cheeks as John whispered, "When I return, Mary, Parson Ripley must make you my wife." Evasively she replied, "I will walk with you as far as Sasqua to get my flag of the little merchant, John Osborne. Dame Osborne is so

calm and peaceful these sad days, it is like a benediction to be with her." "Come John," and she gently took his hand and led him through the garden path to the old Osborne well, and together they drank of the cool, clear water from the silver tankard always there, whilst their souls gazed into each other's eyes.

"Kiss me, John," and with a love quiet in its depth he kissed her cheek and lips. "I'll watch for your return, John, over the hill, and surely come to meet you." She watched then his form till it was lost in the distance.

Early the next morning General Silliman led the march up the weary hills to Reading and Ridgefield. The lighted fire of patriotism that burned in their hearts consumed all thoughts of self, and like an inspiration sustained them. It was a march of ideas; the blood and suffering, like unto seed sown, became in the next century a harvest so plenteous and sustaining that the nations of the earth came to it, as the life-giver of the world.

* * * * *

April 27th, on one of Ridgefield's heights, they met the foe; nature, just awakening from her long, cold sleep, was dressing her valleys in their robe of green, till lost in the misty purple hills. The clear west wind fanned the faces of the living and those whose light had gone upward.

Slowly Mary Burr retraced her steps. She stopped many times to press her hand over her heart where the pain came, but it was a day when duty ruled the hour, and hers awaited her at home. Delicate and sensitive as the frailest of flowers, Mary Burr labored among the strongest. It was eight o'clock when her work was done, and longing for that quick, intuitive sympathy that made Mrs. Dorothy Ripley a beloved and helpful friend, she entered the parsonage. Mrs. Ripley repressed the alarm she felt (knowing the heart disease that was Mary's heritage), as she looked at her intense pallor and watched her exhausted breathing. Quickly and noiselessly she moved to procure water, and turned, to see her head droop, as the spirit passed out.

With the sunset of April 28, 1777, Reverend Hezekiah Ripley entered, with lagging steps, his home; he looked as

though years, not days, had seamed his face with sorrow and care. The quiet and rest of the old-fashioned "keeping-room" impressed him, as he sank wearily into the old Boston rocker. When his wife came to greet him, "Dorothy," he nervously began, with shaking voice, stopped, and bracing himself as one who has to face a fear, controlled both his voice and manner, "Dorothy, my soul is weary with grief, I shrink as never before from duty, to meet our gentle Mary with the sorrowful tidings John Gray is dead; with courage he fought by the side of the heroic Colonel Gold; *he* fell, wounded to the death, and when he fell John was the first to raise him, and being for the moment defenseless, received a stab; I assisted in carrying him to a neighboring house, and on the floor with my coat for a pillow his life fast ebbed away. He was only a private, Dorothy, but *God* promoted him. Again and again I called him; once he knew me, and gasped in broken words, 'She was coming to meet me.' But Dorothy, a strange thing happened; life stopped, when suddenly his eyes opened and over his face seemed to come a light, he looked up and his old cheery smile came and went, as in clear tones he called, 'Mary!'

Mrs. Ripley arose, with streaming eyes, laid her hand on her husband's, "Hezekiah," she said, "she met him, over there."

EMILY P. J. PERRY,

Dorothy Ripley Chapter.





OUR LOVING CUP.

THE story of the Erfi-öl (Arvel) or Inheritance Cup, usually called "Bragi's Horn" by Norsemen, and the "Loving Cup" by Scots, English, and Americans, is one of surpassing interest to all who love the tracing of an occult idea through ages, races, and religions. The Arvel Cup has an especial interest for all good Americans, since its history connects it with one of the most important events of our national life.

In old Norway, a thousand years ago, an arvel or inheritance feast was always made after the death of a king or jarl (earl). The person giving the feast, always the inheritor, must sit on the lower step of the high-seat or throne, until Bragi's Horn was brought in; he must then rise, take the horn, make some special vow, and drain the cup. After this he ascended to the high-seat and became possessor of the inheritance and title. *The draining of the cup after the vow* was the crowning act of the Erfi-öl. Sometimes the king or jarl abdicated in favor of another, in which case the cup was offered by the abdicator, and the heir was led to the high-seat by his hand. An understanding of these facts will enable one to comprehend the importance of the Arvel-vow and its rightful place in the memories of Americans, since without it America to-day might have been an unknown jungle, inhabited by "Skrælings" in the northeast, and more or less peaceable red Indians in the west, of as little importance on the roll of nations as the Fiji Islands are to-day. For, evade it as persistently as we may, in the end we are compelled to own that from Norway came the discoverers of our land; and through perfectly reliable records we know that a Loving Cup figured importantly at their start.

In old viking days, when a warlike clan would go forth to conquer or discover conquerable lands, it was the custom for the entire clan to gather at the house of the chief, whose foremost woman—mother, wife or daughter—would pass the Loving Cup to each man, from highest to lowest, having first tasted the draught herself. Holding the tankard to each lip she received from each the fealty-vow, or oath of brotherhood, and these became her guardians and protectors, come what might to the chief.

On the return, the Arvel-cup was again passed as a reward to the victorious, never to the unsuccessful. A vow thus made on Bragi's Horn was the most binding of all oaths and was absolutely never broken. The loss of life was of less moment to these sturdy truth-lovers than non-fulfillment of "the vow."

A powerful jarl, named Rögnvald the Rich, time of Harald Harfagr, had a turbulent son named "Gängu Hrolf," a second son, to whom it was advisable to give his inheritance and let him peaceably depart out of Norway, which he did. Inasmuch

as he was favorite son to his father, to him was given the ancient Arvel-cup, which he carried to Iceland, and later to Greenland, where his son, a lad of seventeen boisterous winters, came to drink ale with him at Yule-tide "according to his vow on the cup." This lad, Bjarni, had left an Icelandic port to seek his father, and in his Skuta with fifteen companions he had been blown across the entire width of the North Atlantic Ocean, where he sighted a land of marvels fairer than anything Norseman had yet discovered. He could not land, and explore, because his vow held him, and time did not admit. Back to the north and east he went. He drank ale with Hrolf at Yule-tide (12 January), and over the cups he told the tale of that wonderful land "Vinland" which he had seen. "Sprang then to his feet Leif, son of Red Eric, and taking in his hands Bragi's Horn (Hrolf's cup) he vowed on the cup that he would find first that land which Bjorn had seen." This was about the year 893. Leif bought the Skuta of Bjorn, made the trip to Vinland, and kept his vow.

Thus, at the outset, a Loving Cup played an important role in our drama. Hrolf and his tankard went to Normandy and there the cup appears in authentic history three times.


First, after the conquest, and the capture of St. Lo, where, in Charlemagne's courtyard, Hrolf, or Rollo as he was afterwards called, gave the cup to each of his followers to drink from, "highest and lowest alike," as a reward of bravery and devotion to the "fealty-vow." It was again used on the occasion of his marriage to the sister of Charles the Bald, when he abjured Paganism and became a zealous Roman Catholic. It appears for the last time as a gift from Malger de Sancto-Claro, great-grandson of Rollo, and first Archbishop of Rouen, to his church, whereupon it became something of a myth. It is said to be still in existence in Normandy, but I cannot vouch for it.

It has been claimed that Hrolf's cup was the original sacred cup of Odin, the hero-god who headed a mighty migration from East Asia about one hundred years B. C., and who, through thirty recorded generations (which may be read in the "Ynglingatal," written 907), was ancestor direct of Hrolf, the Norman conqueror. It is improbable, yet wholly possible.

Many times it received the "blood-sanctification," as did all sacred cups, which was done by opening a vein and letting a few drops of the *sang real*, or true blood of the highest born, into the wine, which all tasted, and thus became one with the all-father or over-lord of the race. This custom was as old as history, legend, and myth. It has come down to us in the communion service. The wine was drank always with a formula of remembrance pointing back to the blood-bond.

According to an ancient description and sketch, "Hrolf's tankard was made from the stem of a half-grown oak tree, sacred tree of the Druids and Norway. This section of tree was hollowed, lined, and bottomed with gold, and bands of the same carved with runes and set with garnets of great value encircled it. Around the middle of the tankard a gold cobra coiled, and reared his head above the top of the cup, forming the handle. His eyes were two great emeralds, and a huge garnet was set in the bottom of the cup so that when the drink was done, the red jewel was symbol of the royal blood of the Odin-race, as the cobra was badge of descent from the Asar." It was in very truth a blood-cup, Sang Real or San Graal, and was Phallic, though not feminine as was the Holy Grail. It symbolized transmission of the Odin-blood through the males of the race, and not through its females.

From this sketch of Gängu Hrolf's tankard was made, in 1893, a Loving Cup, which has revived the old or created a new interest in the subject, causing the Loving Cup to take high rank once more as a family and society institution. An order called "De Sancto-Claro," Hrolf's family name in Normandy, composed of his proven descendants, and numbering in America alone about six thousand members, was to meet on July 17, 1893, at the Mecca Hotel in Chicago, to celebrate the discovery of America by the Norseman, and to receive as kinsmen the "Viking's" heroes who were to bring that bonnie craft safe to port. The secretary of De Sancto-Claro furnished a copy of the sketch of Hrolf's cup to Mrs. Frackleton, of Milwaukee, for reproduction, with suitable designs for thirteen cups, the number of Vikings expected. Mrs. Frackleton accepted the order with poetic enthusiasm and made the cups,

which were run through the kiln or "fired" on the Fourth of July. To these lovingly-fashioned cups an accident occurred which in pagan Norway a thousand years ago would have been received with frenzied delight; and although to us it has little or no significance, it beautified the cups, and has a sentimental value worth the space. Other articles had been placed in the kiln for firing; as great haste was necessary in order to have the cups ready for "Viking's" appearance, greater heat than usual was employed, and the kiln, over-heated, destroyed itself and fell, a mass of ruins, upon its contents. Imagine Mrs. Frackleton's delight when the *débris* was removed, to find that the Viking cups were perfectly preserved, while everything else was destroyed. The old Norsemen, from whom we derive the fashion of using Loving Cups, claimed to have, through their gods, absolute mastery over the four great powers, earth, water, wind, and fire. On the rim of the huge Loving Cup of 1893, in old Norse runes, were the names and symbols of these four gods, while on its face was , the Holding-sign of Odin, which nothing could resist. Of earth and water had the cups been fashioned; wind, angered by fire had attempted their ruin, but Odin's mark had saved them unbroken, as any good pagan would assert.

The Viking cups arrived safely at "Mecca," and were used at a banquet given to Captain Magnus Anderson and his men, according to the ancient rite, every man drinking from the Loving Cup, pledging fealty to the society, to each other, and to the head woman giving the cup. It was afterwards presented to Captain Anderson, and taken to Norway, where, he avers, it will eternally remain, having almost made a tour of the world. Another of the cups, retained as the especial property of Society de Sancto-Claro, was used at the Leif Ericsson reception in the Woman's Building in August, where Mrs. Frackleton most eloquently told the story of its making. Another cup was presented to Mr. Elwyn Barron, of the *Inter-Ocean*, author of "The Viking;" one went to Baranquilla, Colombo; one to England, and one to Scotland. The rest will be distributed to the auxilliary societies of the order, after exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition.

The Loving Cup recently presented by the Sons of the Amer-

ican Revolution to the New York Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, continues the beautiful custom revived at the Viking banquet and completes an occult circle, for, while the Loving Cup first originated with woman, and was by her bestowed upon man, it is not on the page of history that the emblem has, until the New York event, ever been presented by man to woman, a significant nineteenth century deed.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON,
Secretary Society de Sancto-Claro,
Washington, District of Columbia.



WHAT WE ARE DOING.

RECEPTION TO NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.*

On the nineteenth day of April the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution gave to the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, a most brilliant reception at the Windsor Hotel, the principal feature of which was the presentation of a beautiful silver Loving Cup. As set forth in the programme, it was given as a token of the reverent memory in which the heroic sacrifices and sufferings of the women of the Revolutionary period are held; a mark of appreciation of the patriotic work of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a pledge of friendly sympathy and support. On one side the cup is inscribed:

Presented to the Regent of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution [the insignia of the Society and the autographs of the Board of Managers reproduced in fac-simile] by the Board of Managers of the New York State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution April 19, 1895.

On the other side is the seal of the Sons of the American Revolution, representing a minute-man leaving his plow and seizing his gun; and the seal of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Between the seals is the following inscription:

April 19, 1775: First battle of the American Revolution at Lexington, Massachusetts. April 19, 1783: Cessation of hostilities formally proclaimed to the American people. April 19, 1891: New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, organized. April 19, 1895: Reception to the N. Y. C. C., D. A. R., by the New York State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew presented the cup, saying:

"It is my pleasant duty to present to the Daughters this Loving Cup, although a cup is not needed to emphasize the fact the Sons love them. Individual Sons have convinced individual Daughters that they loved them, but as we cannot love you all, it was necessary to find some object to express collectively our sentiments."

*NOTE.—This article has been withheld until the present time at Mrs. McLean's request.

And ended by saying, "Let all who drink from this vessel honor the Loving Cup of American patriotism."

Mrs. Donald McLean received the cup from Mr. Depew, and amidst hearty applause said :

"I had never expected to be so near the altitude of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, but the Sons of the American Revolution have placed me here. Plato says, 'Women are born to do the same things as men, but to do them not so well,' and however much that sentiment may differ from the prevailing opinion of my own sex, I, at least, must own the truth of it to-day. To-day when I am called upon, I, with poor, weak, untried, feminine wings of public speaking! to respond to him who long ago bridled Pegasus and soars thro' the rare air above Olympus with the assured wings of acknowledged oratorical genius. And yet the very nature of this gift—this Loving Cup—causes me to refute Plato after all; for inferior as we doubtless are to men, physically; even mentally, if you will have it so (tho' we do not so readily cede that point!), there is one power in the exercise of which we yield the palm to no man, and that is the power of *Loving*. And, after all, it is, 'Love, love, love which makes the world go round.' At what crisis in the world's history has not woman's love proved a potent factor. (You know, we are always told, 'There's a woman in it.') When has it not been an electric spark to generate deeds of refulgent heroism? What woman does not bravely climb to the heights of self sacrifice, e'en tho' she tramples in the climbing all hope of happiness, willing to say :

'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.'

In that very Revolution which we honor here to-day (April 19th), and I am proud to say that one of the ancestors of a member of this New York City Chapter lighted the taper in Paul Revere's lantern,—think how overpowering was *love*, as an incentive to courageous struggle which wrested freedom from an Old for a New World—the love of home and children, which inspired men and women to fight e'en to the death for the protection of both. Think of that woman, the grandmother of our honored Ex-Regent and Honorary National Officer, who dared look death in the face and be silent rather than betray the hiding place of her country's treasure confided to her husband's keeping. And I hold that when personal love combines with patriotic love of home and country it becomes the strongest motive power the world has known or can know.

"Ah! believe me :

'The maid who binds her warrior's lash
With smile that well her pain dissembles
The while, beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,
Tho' heaven alone records the tear
And fame can never tell her story,
Her heart hath shed a drop as dear
As ere bedewed the field of glory.

'The wife, who girds her husband's sword
 'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle.

'The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her son she pressed,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor.'

"Mr. Depew has just said that he wonders at our number here—does he not know that where the Sons are, there will the Daughters be gathered together. And so, Mr. President, and Sons of the American Revolution, if you, in your generosity, present aught to the New York City 'Daughters,' it is meet that the 'Sons' having presented to their great President the gavel of power and authority, you should give to the 'Daughters' a *Loving Cup*. Be assured that every name engraven on its silver surface will be ever hereafter engraven on the heart of each member of the New York City Chapter.

Then Mrs. McLean read the names as follows: Chauncey M. Depew, Rob't B. Roosevelt, Ira Bliss Stewart, Edward Hafaman Hall, Henry Hall, Thomas Wilson, Wm. A. J. Warren, Stephen M. Wright, Walter S. Logan, John C. Calhoun, Andrew J. C. Foye, Ferdinand P. Earle, Hugh R. Garden, Frederick D. Grant, Ebenezer W. Wright, Elbridge G. Spaulding, and J. Warren Cutler.

"We fill to the brim this cup with the red wine of the patriotic affection of a sister Society. In fact, we will all be sisters to you! We 'drink to thee' not 'only with our eyes' but with full hearts of constant coöperation and grateful acknowledgment of your superb gift.

"And as I quaff this wine it gives me second sight and I see before me a vision, in the fast on-rushing ages, of men and women TOGETHER pressing forward and leading the triumphal march, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution—doing great deeds, not dreaming them all day long—preserving ever the memories of those sublime heroes of '76, whose spirits look down upon us to-day; inspiring to high heroic deeds those generations yet unborn. And over 'Sons and Daughters' two emblems entwined and commingling in the free air of Heaven and America—one, 'The banner over us is *Love*,' the other that dear flag above us, than which the world has never sang a greater, 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

General Horace Porter was introduced by Mr. Depew. He made humorous reference to the position given him on the programme; it was unique in that he followed Mr. Depew and Mrs. McLean; it was not often that he had the privilege of the last word. He told several witty anecdotes and paid tribute to the Daughters present and to the sentiment which animates the Society, speaking with reverent regard for all mothers, particularly the mothers of the American Revolution. It would be a pleasure to quote entire the speeches on this occasion did time and space allow, as it is, I can only express our hearty appreciation of this celebration of our fourth birthday.

EMMA GOBLE LATHROP,

Historian.

CELEBRATION OF FLAG DAY AT MAPLEHURST.

MISS SUSIE GENTRY, Regent of Williamson County, Tennessee, celebrated Flag Day in appropriate and artistic style at her home, "Maplehurst," in Franklin, Friday, June 14.

The ladies of the National Chapter present were, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Reese, Mrs. and Miss Gentry. About twenty other guests were present, who are prospective Daughters of the Franklin Chapter.

Each guest added not only her mite, but her store, to the interest of the occasion, by relating historical events and traditional family incidents of the year in which the "Stars and Stripes" were adopted as the flag of our Union. Miss Gentry gave a history of the design of the first flag, of the materials of which it was made, and the time when it was first unfurled to the breeze with five stands of British colors nailed to its staff.

Mrs. Gentry told in a graphic style of the origin of some of our national airs; of a unique dower given to a daughter of that period; actually her weight in gold,—she was not a "*feather weight*" either, pulling one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and the occasion which gave rise to the expression "*Mollie Stark sleeps a widow to-night.*"

Mrs. Perkins furnished an interesting account of John Paul Jones, the invincible hero of the seas. Miss Reese gave a graphic account of the massacre of her maternal great-grand-

father, Colonel James Brown, and the capture of his wife and children by the Indians, and the long captivity of Joseph Brown, his twelve-year-old son, who afterwards became a famous preacher.

Miss Smithson also proved herself well versed in the history of that period and a most agreeable narrator.

Miss Cannon won laurels by the dignified, pleasant manner in which she told some events of that fateful year, 1777.

The Misses Marshall told many things of interest, among them that the "Star Spangled Banner" was written on the 14th of June, and a family tradition of the "tea drinking," and of the romantic marriage of an ancestress during that period.

Mrs. Cochrane was particularly interesting in an account of a conch shell, still in her family, that was used in Revolutionary times to warn the rebels of the approach of the British. The Misses Reobbie Hunter, Lioh Cannon, Mary Sam Smithson, Clare Puryear, Alice Germon, and Mrs. Geo. Cowan were felicitous in their quota to the entertainment of the day.

Much information was gained of history, musical lore, and traditions in those very pleasant hours.

After this "flow of soul" and feast of patriotic love, the guests repaired to the dining room, which was artistically decorated with representations or rather miniatures of "Old Glory," the hope of the free! It seemed the very irony of fate that Miss Gentry, who is such a devotee to liberty, as well as alive to amusing satire, should have placed in the hand of a bronze Alexander the Great the emblem of "*the free*" to be waved in the face of that conqueror of nations, Napoleon.

□ The table was resplendent with those gorgeous, old-fashioned flowers, red hollyhocks, snowballs, and blue larkspur, in quaint brilliantly-colored delft pitchers, from which, no doubt, many a refreshing draught of milk or cider was quaffed in 1777. All of us, no doubt, rejoiced that we were the honoring posterity instead of the honored ancestry of that trying time. The beautiful menu cards were the artistic, unique, and skillful productions of Miss Gentry's brain and deft fingers. Her motto was "The hope of the free! Our glorious banner."

As the ben-diction to this delightful occasion, the "Loving Cup" of Miss Gentry's great-grandfather, was passed from

guest to guest, with many a cordial wish for enduring friendship and undying patriotism. There is one more work of art which I can not resist mentioning. Opening into the hall is a thing of beauty—an ideal boudoir; every article in the dainty chamber breathes of the deft hands and artistic taste of its fair occupant, from the paternal "coat of arms," to the exquisite drawn-work tidies, etc., embroidered and embellished by herself. Thus ended the tender grace of a day that will never die.

MRS. THERESA G. PERKINS.

HARRISBURG CHAPTER CELEBRATES "BUNKER HILL DAY."

THE HARRISBURG CHAPTER met on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill at the beautiful home of Mrs. Edgar C. Felton, in Steelton. There was a full representation of the members. At the conclusion of the exercises an elegant luncheon was served.

These officers were reelected for the year: Regent, Mrs. Francis Wyeth; Vice-Regent, Mrs. John C. Kunkel; Historian, Miss Carrie Pearson; Registrar, Miss Martha Wolf Buehler; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ellen Williams Hall; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Levi B. Alricks, and Treasurer, Mrs. Hugh Hamilton.

The exercises were appropriate to the anniversary. Mrs. Levi B. Alricks recited "Grandma's Story," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mrs. Francis Jordan read Benjamin Franklin Taylor's poem, "Bunker Hill." Mrs. Hugh Hamilton read an interesting historical paper on the battle, from which we take the following extracts:

The historic association of this day, the 17th of June, 1895, is the anniversary of that battlefield first adorned by a monument on the Continent—Bunker Hill. At the time of its dedication Daniel Webster lent the strength of his intellect and the force of his more impressive eloquence to stamp the incident with similes that stir one's patriotism to its sources.

Living so far away from the actual scene of this event it is difficult to do more than refresh our minds by its story. The little triangular patch of land extending into Boston Bay, known

as Charlestown peninsula, presents four points: The neck by which it is joined to the mainland and three hills, Bunker's, Breed's, and Morton's in their order from "the neck," the whole surrounded by water in which were the British war ships *Lively*, *Falcon*, *Cerebus*, *Glasgow*, *Symemtry*, and *Somerset* with a supporting army in Boston. The Americans were in Cambridge beyond "the neck." The British general, Gage, determined to become aggressive on the 17th of June, 1775. Colonel Prescott, of the American forces, wanted anxiously to stop the movement and was reluctantly allowed to. He took with him three hundred of Prescott's regiment, two hundred and ninety of Knowlton's regiment, a detachment of Frye's, a detachment of Bridge's regiment, in all 1,000 men, two light field pieces with wagons and tools, at seven p. m. on June 16, 1775. He was directed to fortify Bunker's Hill, one hundred and ten feet high, instead marched further on to Breed's Hill, sixty-two feet high. He got there at midnight. Through the advice of Engineer Gridley he fixed a place for the redoubt and had it nearly completed by daylight. The "*Lively*" then opened fire; the Provincials worked on for all that. By noon Prescott received reënforcements of Colonel Stark's regiment, Colonel Reed's regiment, one hundred and fifty of Little's regiment, seventy of Brewer's regiment, sixty of Witcomb's regiment, fifty of Willard Moore's company, and fifty of John Nixon's company. They went down on the left of Breed's Hill and made there a breastwork defense of hay, rails, and stones, known as "the rail fence." It was extended to the swamp on the Mystic River. Prescott had then in all a command of about fifteen hundred men.

The British hurried forward at 8.30 a. m. ten companies of grenadiers, ten companies of light infantry, some artillery, the Fifth, Thirty-eighth, Forty-third, and Fifty-second regiments of the line. Subsequently they were reënforced by the Forty-seventh regiment of the line, three more companies each of grenadiers and light infantry, with a battalion of marines, making in all about twenty-five hundred to three thousand men, besides the ships spoken of. They landed at Morton's Hill and disposed themselves for attack on "the rail fence." But General Howe was deterred from assaulting without re-

enforcement. By this delay the defense at this point was perfected.

The American general, Artemas Ward, was an old man, unable to secure obedience through discipline because much of his command obeyed him only through courtesy. When they were convinced that it was the proper thing they were directed to do, they did it with all their might. Not only was this the case but the supplies of the army had to be endorsed by several committees of civilians, who were exceedingly jealous of each other, consequently delayed urgent business. The system was the outgrowth of personal liberty and the composite responsibility of a republican form of government, weak in civil administration and preëminently so in militant force. Upon the other hand the organization and authority of the English was stable and recognized. General Ward, while the battle on Charlestown Neck was in progress, remained inactive at his house in Cambridge unable to rise to the importance of the occasion. When it was noised abroad about the British general's intentions, the army clamored to do something and were sent as detailed; they built works splendid for resistance in front, but on the contrary very bad in a retreat. They had no idea of being defeated. The individual enthusiasm of all concerned had much to do with the efficiency and bravery of the undrilled contingents. Can we realize what they accomplished? Marching until midnight, working until four a. m., and continuing to work through eight hours of cannonading, succeeding in erecting works and so capable of opposing trained troops as to oblige the British leaders to call for more soldiers. They rested at noon while the "Falcon," "Cerebus," and "Somerset," with the battery on Copp's Hill, at Hudson's Point, played on their breastworks to demoralize their devotion. What water could they get on that hilltop? What food had they?—but that they brought with them the evening before. The day was fearfully hot even for that time of year. The flank on the Mystic was tried, repulse followed the gallant defense—then the British sent for more men. At 2.30 p. m. the general assault took place with Lord Howe attacking "the rail fence," and Colonel Pigott leading on the redoubt. Three times did these columns charge before they drove the Ameri-

cans from their works. The latter retreated slowly and carefully to Bunker's Hill and they only did so when every bit of ammunition was used up. The British did not follow the retreat. The battle lasted about half an hour and was fought under the flag of New England. The weakness of the Americans laid not in the lack of comprehension of their position, but in the lack of supplies and ammunition; their strength in their surprising endurance and determination. The provincial movement was extremely hazardous, the wonder now is the whole party were not captured without much conflict. The British generals were evidently ignorant of both the ground and of correct information concerning the American Army. The preceding affair at Lexington stimulated the personal valor of every patriot, at the same time it created in the thoughtful the true nature of the crisis at hand. How could success crown resistance to one of the foremost military nations on the globe? The ways were plenty, but the means scanty. Should this outburst of pure love of country suffer repression it would instantly vanish. Haste to use this gratifying popularity was essential, delay meant much to the cause of liberty.

However General Ward hesitated in the solution of the problem the impulsive Putnam saw it, Ward temporizingly complied, and the battle was fought. Just before this forward movement Washington was chosen general. He was on his way to Cambridge when he heard the result of the battle. Its effect upon the Americans was fraught with much moment.

In the midst of the early hours of that fateful 17th of June, 1775, before 9 a. m., General Gage stood with a field glass viewing from Copp's Hill in Boston the new redoubt on Breed's Hill across the Charles River. He asked Colonel Willard, a brother-in-law of Colonel Prescott, as he saw him encouraging his men: "Will he fight?" "Yes, until the last drop of blood," was the reply, and Prescott did until there was no more powder. Then he tore the cannon powder out of its cartridges and loaded his muskets with buttons on top of it, hence the stubborn resistance to the repeated charges. This battle gave the army rest; it bivouacked on Bunker Hill until the next day, then returned to Cambridge without harassment. It encouraged the army to prepare for war. It helped Washington

on his assuming command a few days afterwards. It gave the European powers notice of the failure of Great Britain to crush the rebellion, and that a struggle for the rich possibilities of a continent was on the side of the Americans. This was realized by the English, for General Gage wrote to Lord Dartmouth "such victories are worthless."

The British loss in killed and wounded was 1,054, including thirteen officers killed and seventy wounded. The total loss of the Americans was four hundred and fifty. The personal losses of the patriots were great; among those who fell was Joseph Warren, a physician, whose actions on the records for the principles of this struggle of the Colonies were prominent. He was killed just as he was leaving the redoubt on Breed's Hill, being but thirty-five years of age. His wife had died some time before, his children were by this bereavement total orphans, but a grateful community cared for them through the influence of Samuel Adams. A few days before his death he was made a general. In this battle he nevertheless fought as a private although outranking Colonel Prescott. Bancroft speaks of him as one in whom "were combined celerity, courage, endurance, and manners which won universal love." The enemies of his country estimated his worth by their great rejoicing at his death.

SARATOGA CHAPTER CELEBRATES INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE SARATOGA CHAPTER celebrated the Fourth of July in the most patriotic way on the afternoon of that day at the residence of Judge George S. Batcheller, in Circular street, Saratoga Springs. Alice Batcheller, his accomplished daughter, whose long residence abroad and familiarity with the courts of Europe has left her patriotism undimmed, is the popular Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in this historic county.

Miss Batcheller's guests of honor were Mrs. J. B. McKee, ex-Vice-President of the National Society, and daughter of the first President General, Mrs. Harrison, and Miss Forsyth, the Regent of the State of New York. The presence of Mrs.

Hamlin, ex-Chaplain General of the National Society, also gave interest to the occasion as well as that of the members of the New York City Chapter, Mrs. James M. Andrews and Mrs. Story. Mrs. Schenck, of Fairfield, Connecticut, was also present. Connecticut is called the Banner State of the "Daughters," as it excels all others in numbers, and possibly enthusiasm.

With a few graceful and cordial words Miss Batcheller expressed her pleasure in meeting the Chapter after her long absence from home, and then called for the reading of the minutes by Miss Brown, the secretary. These related to the celebration of Washington's birthday.

The Committee on By-Laws reported progress. Mrs. Walworth made a brief statement of the organization of the Chapter last year and of its visit to the County Clerk's office to examine the historical records of the county as they are preserved at the county seat.

The leading paper of the occasion was then read by the historian of the Chapter, Mrs. McKnight. It sparkled with happy reminiscences of the old-time celebrations of the Fourth, and appealed strongly to the Daughters to stimulate a joyous, yet dignified commemoration of this historic anniversary. Her theme was illustrated with interesting incidents and was received with warm applause.

Miss Forsyth, the State Regent, gave a most interesting address, congratulating the Chapter on its beginning with the local history of the county, and urging a devotion to the history of this State which has been neglected by historians as compared with the records of other States. Her exposition of the part New York took in the Revolution met with hearty applause.

Mrs. McKee, in the graceful manner which is her characteristic, told the Chapter of the telegram her father, the ex-President, had sent to-day to the inauguration of the Children's Society of the Revolution, which, she said, was being held in the Old South Church at Boston.

Miss Jones made a few remarks to show the need for patriotic education for the children, and Mrs. Mingay read an inter-

esting paper with special reference to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Hamlin, ex-Chaplain General of the National Society, held the attention of the Chapter with her reference to historical Saratoga and the privilege enjoyed by those who reside here.

Mrs. Walworth read a short paper in which she emphasized the fact that the Fourth of July is the birthday of the Nation and that to Daughters of the American Revolution the two periods of colonial and of national history are distinctly marked. In closing she said: "It is, then, to the birthday of the Nation, the hour of its Declaration of Independence that we look with enthusiasm, with hope, and with joy. To every Daughter of the American Revolution the Fourth of July is the birthday of her family. The natal day of its initiation into the citizenship of America as we know it, and as we hope to preserve it; no matter how long a line of ancestors may lie behind that Revolutionary hero from whom the Daughter of the American Revolution traces her descent, the true founding of the American family can date only from the Fourth of July, 1776. Before that date there was no Nation to claim us as Americans, but from that date the ideal of a new citizenship sprung into being, and no hero of the tenth century (from which time many true genealogies are traced); no hero, of that or any other century, can be of greater worth as the founder of a family than the minute man of the American Revolution."

Mrs. Hull then, with much animation, played an accompaniment on the piano for the "Star Spangled Banner," which was sung by the Chapter standing. Miss Batcheller expressed the thanks of the Chapter to the ladies who had contributed to the celebration. Mrs. Walworth accompanied by Miss Forsyth, and Miss Batcheller with Mrs. McKee led the way to the dining room, where Mrs. Batcheller presided with her accustomed hospitality. Refreshments and an hour of social intercourse closed this pleasant occasion for "Daughters" of Saratoga.

This Chapter, organized early in September last, has already an enthusiastic membership of thirty-four "Daughters," with several names on the "would-be" list.

"OLD GLORY" HONORED.

FLAG DAY is comparatively new in the calendar of anniversaries, but was celebrated by Bound Brook, New Jersey, with a patriotic zeal fairly rivaling the time-honored Fourth of July.

The exercises were under the auspices of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, and the entire success of the entertainment is highly creditable to those loyal ladies, of whom Mrs. Olendorf, the Regent, is a leading spirit.

The hour appointed for the beginning of the programme was eight o'clock, but long before that time many people found their way to the Presbyterian church, which was most beautifully decorated with flags, bunting, and flowers.

Pioneer Council, Junior Order United American Mechanics, acted as a reception committee, and the school children, marching in from the several public schools, passed through their open ranks.

Rev. T. E. Davis presided, and after an invocation by Rev. L. P. Goodrich, and singing of patriotic songs, he told of the history of the American flag.

Mrs. Annie Key Bartow, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, was then introduced. As she mounted the platform the school children arose and gave her a flag salute, amid hearty applause. She read the following sketch of how her honored grandfather wrote "The Star Spangled Banner:"

In one of the seaports of Japan there is an old hulk of English oak that is now utilized as a powder ship, and that was once His Majesty's ship "Surprise." Upon this historic deck one midsummer night in 1814 a prisoner restlessly paced back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back, his head erect, and every faculty keenly on the alert. He was a tall, slender man of graceful mein and refined aspect, and appeared more slight than in reality by contrast to the burly English sailors, who from time to time cast surly glances upon the American captive treading their deck. His unselfish quest of friendship held in abeyance and his own liberty denied him, he seemed one man against a nation, as he stood amid the din of battle

on the deck of a hostile ship, while the fate of his country was at stake.

The dark curls upon his forehead lay damp and heavy, but not from the dews of night alone, and the dark eyes from under the high-arched brows had other mists before them than the smoke of battle. The incendiaries' fires still smouldered around his home in Washington, and a like fate awaited Baltimore if this night's work was a triumph for the English hosts.

The anxious watcher summons up the victories of Decatur and Perry, Lake Erie and Lundy's Lane, to strengthen his faith and animate his hopes, but the roar of cannon and the flashing of artillery lies like a heavy pall upon his heart and shuts him in with horrid fears. He sleeps not at this crisis of America's fate, but stands a solitary watchman upon Freedom's tower through that long night of carnage, striving with prayer and vigil to pierce the first faint light of coming dawn. It is stealing up now, from the underworld, dim and sweet. The guns are silent, the shores enwrapt in smoke, and England's dogs of war are ominously still. Great God of Battles! give him strength to know the worst! A glint of rosy light breaks over the Patapsco. It gilds the waters and lights the land, and as the clouds part above the ramparts of Fort McHenry the tattered "Flag of Stars and Stripes" triumphantly opens out to the morning breeze.

The prisoner's bonds are burst! "On eagle's wings he mounts, he soars" to supremest heights of joy! What thoughts, what emotions are shaping themselves in his loyal heart for immortal utterance! The rising sun, the majestic wooded heights, the sparkling waters, all seem ringing in his ears loud pæans of victory! While below, the vanquished hosts are fleeing to their ships, with their dead and dying, in gloom and haste. England, "canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades? or loose the bands of Orion? canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" The "Stars" of America are fixed in their orbits, and neither Kings nor Queens can "alter their courses" or quench their glittering light. Then was proclaimed in rapturous praise an impassioned song of victory—a

song that shall last as long as the stars in Heaven and, that shall thrill men's hearts with patriotic pride, and move them even to tears when they shall hear its strains in foreign lands. But the singer? He sleeps in an obscure grave at the side of the wife of his youth. The only token that marks that quiet spot as his is the tiny flag that is always waving there.

"No costly pile, nor monumental tomb,
Describes the spot where now he sleeps;
But there the wild thyme and the cowslips bloom,
And there affection weeps."

Maryland, his native State, that he so much loved, remembers him not. It was left for a stranger on the far Pacific's coast to erect a monument to him; that is as much a memorial of a Nation's neglect of, as it is a tribute of respect to, the genius and patriotism of Francis Scott Key.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Bartow's paper she was again greeted with hearty applause, and then Bound Brook's favorite orator, J. B. Cleaver, was announced. He was tendered an ovation. His addresses on Francis Scott Key and the American flag fully accorded with the sentiments of his attentive audience, and his eloquence was frequently interrupted with expressions of approval.

After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," a collection was taken for the fund being raised to build a monument to the memory of Key, in Frederick City, Maryland, where his body rests.

Rev. J. W. Dally then read the composition considered the best submitted in competition for the five dollar prize offered by the Chapter, the subject being "The Revolutionary Battles of New Jersey."

The five dollar prize was presented by Rev. A. L. Mershon to Merton Davis, son of Rev. T. E. Davis. The second prize of two dollars was won by Miss Frances Clark, daughter of Benjamin T. Clark.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Bartow for honoring the audience and the town with her presence.

After singing "Hail Columbia" the audience was dismissed, all present feeling amply repaid for attending the exercises.

THE MAHONING CHAPTER COMMEMORATES THE
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE Mahoning Chapter at Youngstown, Ohio, the second Chapter formed in the State, now numbers thirty members, including four granddaughters of Revolutionary patriots, and a lineal descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was formed April 18, 1893, at the "log cabin" which is built on the site of the house erected by the patriot Baldwin, by a descendant. The interior of the log cabin, however, is that of a modern mansion, a contrast to the cabins of the pioneers.

The Chapter met on the 17th of June at the hospitable home of the Misses Jacobs, out of the city. The ladies are the possessors of interesting relics of Revolutionary times; a pewter platter is among them, the remainder of the set having been melted into bullets for the war. Another relic is a silver fork made of money paid to a patriot ancestor and used in the family for three generations.

After uniting in repeating the Lord's prayer, the minutes of the preceding meeting were read. An instrumental solo was rendered, and a paper read by Mrs. Howard B. Hills on the Battle of Bunker Hill. The disinterestedness of the officers and soldiers was dwelt upon.

Everett says, "If the patriots of 1775 could have plausibly been suspected of selfish motive, the taint would have poisoned the Revolution, and stripped it not merely of its moral grandeur and beauty but of its political power. But no one would stoop to refute the suggestion that Warren, Putnam, and Prescott were carried to the summit of Bunker Hill by the hope of military advancement or the prospect of the spoils of a profitable war. History records nothing more beautiful than the self-denial of Warren, waiving the command of the day, renouncing the honor of leading the heroic defense, accepting nothing but its perils and its fate."

"Such was the fathering race that made all fast,
Who founded us and spread from sea to sea,
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,

And built for man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered,
Shamed are we failing the stature such sires forecast."

Mrs. Walter D. Euwer's reading of Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "Grandmother's Story," was thoroughly appreciated.

Mrs. Charles J. Wick's singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" was most inspiring.

Miss Mable Thorne favored the ladies with two patriotic recitations.

Afterwards came the relating or reading of current events by the members, a feature of each meeting.

Mrs. William J. Hitchcock moved that the Chapter send \$5 toward the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." The motion was carried unanimously.

A dainty collation was served. Cards were given the members as souvenirs of the occasion. Below the insignia of the Society, which was in blue and silver, were the dates 17th of June, 1775-1895, and Warren's reply to Mr. Gerry, a member of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, of which General Warren was chairman, who remonstrated with him for risking a life so valuable to the country, saying, "As surely as you go to the hill you will be slain." To which Warren replied, "It is sweet and becoming to die for one's country."

The Society adjourned to meet again in October.

Alice Smith Hills,
Secretary.

LOUISE HOME, May, 1895.

To the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

I received from the National Society one of the finest specimens of their work in an orange spoon, very beautiful. I wish to express the great pleasure the Society has given me in this high and graceful compliment, more greatly valued as it is in recognition of my father's services as surgeon during the Revolutionary War. Accept my warmest thanks. It has my initials on it, and a spinning wheel associated with plantation life in my home, where many servants used them for flax thread, that was woven into linen and bleached. I felt a great inclin-

ation to use this spinning wheel, but the servants were afraid I would spoil their broach.

I was as greatly surprised as delighted to receive this testimony from a Society I feel deep interest in and would like them to see some relics I have in my little den of my great-great-grandmother, of the time of Queen Anne, who sent my great-great-grandfather to Williamsburg, Virginia, as the secretary of her Colony of Virginia. With renewed thanks for this valued kindness, I am, with high respect,

Yours truly,

HARTLEY GRAHAM.

Born November 25th, 1810.

LIBERTY BELL CHAPTER'S OUTING ON FLAG DAY.

MAPLE GROVE, on Flag Day, was the scene of an inspiring sight and a most pleasing and patriotic occasion. Liberty Bell Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, made the day memorable for the quiet denizens of that peaceful village by raising and unfolding to the breeze the Star Spangled Banner from the top of the flagstaff (presented by Edwin Mickley) at the schoolhouse, so that the school children should imbibe from their daily tasks a renewed love and veneration for the flag of their country.

The flag is twenty feet long and on the edge is printed the following: "Presented by L. G. Muller, of New York, to the Daughters of the American Revolution, June 14th, 1895. Long may she wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The party, consisting of Mrs. Daniel Ermentrout, Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim, Mrs. George Clous, Mrs. Ethan Allen Weaver, Mrs. McCambridge, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Charles M. Dodson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Thomas, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. J. Marshall Wright, Ralph Metzger, Robert J. Berger, and Edwin Fogel of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, together with the members of the Liberty Bell Chapter, left on a special train from Catasauqua for Maple Grove, where carriages were waiting to convey them to the place of meeting, the Maple Grove farm, owned by Mr. Edwin Mickley, of Mickley's.

The guests were received at the entrance to the house by the

members of Liberty Bell Chapter. The Regent welcomed them in the name of the Chapter, after which all were invited to luncheon, which was served in the two large rooms opening into the quaint hall. After luncheon the party was treated to music by the Mertztown band, which entertained the guests during the day by its choice selections. A picture of the party was taken, after which, to the stirring strains of "Hail, Columbia," the party marched to the schoolhouse, where, upon the lawn, the assembled people of Longswamp Township greeted the visitors.

After an invocation by Rev. Dr. Little, and the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner," General B. F. Fisher, of Philadelphia, was introduced and paid a glowing tribute to the Daughters of the American Revolution and the good work they were doing by instilling into the minds of the young in this generation love of home and country. He also outlined a course of study for the boys and girls, to commence with the history of our glorious flag and follow it from the beginning, when it was made by the patriotic Betsy Ross, and in following the flag he gave the history of their country. General Fisher also spoke of the flag bearer at the battle of Antietam, the head of the little Irish Brigade, who carried the standard between the two lines, where it stood defying the enemy to take it and by its presence urging and encouraging its followers till victory perched on the flagstaff. His speech was full of patriotic sentiments and enthusiasm. He also read a poem, entitled "The Schoolhouse and the Flag," which had been given him by Mrs. Jos. P. Mickley. It was extremely appropriate to the occasion, its sentiment being that the schoolhouse should stand by the flag, and the Nation would stand by the schoolhouse.

After the exercises in the schoolhouse the people assembled upon the lawn, where John J. Mickley was ready with the flag and rope. The flag was presented by L. G. Muller, of New York, through Mr. Edwin Mickley, who presented it to the Regent of the Liberty Bell Chapter, who in turn presented it to Mrs. Daniel Ermentrout, of Reading, and Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim, ex-Regent of Connecticut, and Vice President General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Both the ladies made graceful and eloquent responses to the presentation speech. The flag was then presented to the schoolboard of Longswamp, through a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, who raised and unfurled it. After the rendition of the chorus, "Red, White, and Blue," a speech was made by a Grand Army man, after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. D. Schindel.

The following letter was received by Miss Minnie Mickley, from L. G. Muller, of New York, who presented the flag:

"It gives me great pleasure to be afforded the privilege of presenting to you, as Regent of your Order, this emblem of freedom, loyalty, and patriotism. May its beautiful folds daily float from the masthead, instilling into the hearts of the old and young, male and female, a greater love, and more steadfast devotion to our dear country than ever. It is much to my regret that, owing to the stress of business, I cannot personally be present, but hope some time next month to get away, and will then take pleasure in running the flag at Maple Grove up to its highest limit.

"I shall be with you in thought, and hope the day will be such that you will enjoy all the good things provided."



OUR OFFICERS.

MRS. CHARLES SWEET JOHNSON,

VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL, IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF
CHAPTERS.



MRS. CHARLES SWEET JOHNSON.

MRS. MARY KATHARINE JOHNSON was born in Washington, District of Columbia, and was educated at Fulford Female Seminary, Maryland. She is a daughter of the late Mitchel Hervey Millar and Sallie Clayton Williams; and the wife of Charles Sweet Johnson, who is a member of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. On the paternal side she is descended from John and Jane Millar, born in

Scotland, who came to America from Ireland in 1770 and settled in the western part of Pennsylvania; and of the maternal side from Pierre Williams, Sergeant-at-Law, of London, England, who was also the ancestor of the distinguished patriot general, Otho H. Williams, of Maryland. She is the great-great-granddaughter of William Williams, a member of the Committee of Public Safety for Culpeper County, Virginia, two of whose sons, John and James, were officers in the Revolutionary Army—the latter being also major general in command of the first division of the Virginia militia in the War of 1812. Mrs. Johnson is also a descendant of Major Philip Clayton, of Virginia, whose daughter Susan married Colonel

James Slaughter of the Revolutionary Army, and of Philip Pendleton who in 1674 settled in New Kent County, Virginia, and who was the grandfather of the eminent statesman and patriot, Edmund Pendleton.

Mrs. Johnson has been actively interested in the Society for several years, having served one year as Registrar General and one year as a member of the National Advisory Board. She was also a delegate to the recent Continental Congress of the Society, by which she was unanimously elected to her present office.

MRS. ROBERDEAU BUCHANAN,
RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.



MRS. ROBERDEAU BUCHANAN.

MRS. BUCHANAN, a native and lifelong resident of Washington City, is the wife of Roberdeau Buchanan, of the Nautical Almanac Office, Naval Observatory. She entered the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution on February 2, 1892, by virtue of descent from her grandfather, Thomas Peters, who was one of the original twenty-eight men of family and fortune who formed the famous First Troop,

Philadelphia City Cavalry, November 17, 1774. He served with great distinction at the battles of Trenton and Princeton under General Washington, and was subsequently commissary general of prisoners at Yorktown. William Peters, father of Thomas, came to this country from Yorkshire, England, and in 1745 purchased a large estate on the banks of the Schuylkill, erecting thereon a family mansion, which he called Bel-

mont. The house remains intact, bearing his monogram and family arms in stucco work. This estate was purchased by the city of Philadelphia, and now forms part of Fairmont Park. Williams Peters was a member of the Legislature and deputy colonial secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania. Both of his sons, Richard and Thomas, were prominent during the Revolution.

Mrs. Buchanan is a great-granddaughter, also, of Dr. Edward Johnson, committeeman of Calvert County, Maryland, 1774-76. On her mother's side Mrs. Buchanan is also of English descent, being great-great-granddaughter of Sir Charles Burdette (baronet), of London, who came to this country after the Revolution.

Mrs. Buchanan was elected to a vacancy on the National Board of Management as Registrar General on December 10, 1894, and at the Congress of 1895 was elected to the office of Recording Secretary General.

MRS. MARY ORR EARLE,

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL.



MARY ORR EARLE is the daughter of the late Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina. She was born in 1858, while her distinguished father was Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

Mrs. Earle's connection with the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is through descent from Robert Orr, a captain of Pennsylvania troops, and dates from the organi-

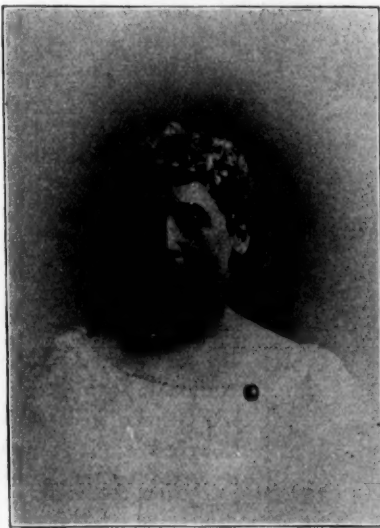
zation of the Society in 1890, she having been one of the early vice presidents, and a member of the first National Board. At the last Congress, in February, 1895, she was elected Corresponding Secretary General, which position she has filled with marked ability.

Gifted with rare mental and social qualities, Mrs. Earle has drawn around her a large and cultured circle of friends at the national capital, where her accomplishments as a linguist are much appreciated in the diplomatic corps. Her ability to converse fluently in five languages renders very applicable to her the encomium bestowed by Talleyrand on one of the brilliant women of the French salon of that period, when, in an outburst of admiration, he exclaimed: "What a wonderful woman! *She knows how to be silent in five languages!*" (*Quelle merveilleuse femme! Elle sait se taire en cinq langues.*")

Mrs. Earle is the widow of William E. Earle, Esq., who occupied a prominent position at the Washington bar.

MRS. JENNIE FRANKLIN HICHBORN,

REGISTRAR GENERAL.



MRS. PHILIP HICHBORN.

JENNIE FRANKLIN HICHBORN, daughter of Philip Franklin and Mary Bailey, was born in southern Vermont. Educated at Leland and Gray Seminary, Townshend, and Glenwood Seminary, Brattleboro, Vermont. At the age of nineteen her attention was turned to music, and three years were profitably spent at the Old Boston Music School, after which several years were devoted to church music and teaching the art.

Mrs. Hichborn comes of a long line of ancestors bearing such well-known names as Richard Dana, of Boston; Jonathan Hyde, of Newton, whose name appears on a monument erected in honor of the early settlers of the place; George Bunker, of Charlestown, from whom the Hill of Glory received its name; John Starr, whose name is interwoven with the early settlement of Plymouth—history tells us that upon the walls of Pilgrim Hall may be seen, in a good state of preservation, deeds of sales of land made by John Starr, and bearing the signature of Miles Standish.

Mrs. Hichborn's claim of eligibility to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is through Captain Comfort Starr, Captain Richard Bailey, Lieutenant Joshua Hyde, and Philip Franklin, the 2d. At the last Congress, in February, 1895, she was elected Registrar General of the Society.

Mrs. Hichborn is the wife of Philip Hichborn, the distinguished Chief Constructor of the United States Navy. A son and daughter constitute the home circle.

MRS. A. M. BURNETT,
REGISTRAR GENERAL.



MRS. AGNES MARTIN BURNETT.

AGNES MARTIN BURNETT was born in New York City and is the daughter of George G. Martin and Mary Lawrence Martin. She is descended from Captain Adam Martin on the paternal side and Captain William Lawrence on the maternal side. In March, 1894, she was elected by the National Board Registrar General, and at the Congress of 1895 was reelected to the same office.

MRS. AMOS G. DRAPER,

TREASURER GENERAL.

MRS. AMOS G. DRAPER (BELL MERRILL), Treasurer General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was born in Haverhill, New Hampshire, and is the daughter of Daniel F. Merrill, for many years principal of a large boys' school in Mobile, Alabama, and Luella Bartlett Bell, of Haverhill, New Hampshire. She graduated from Mount Holyoke College in 1877, and soon after graduation was married to Prof. Amos G. Draper, of Gallaudet College, a national institution, and the only one in the world where deaf mutes can receive a collegiate education.

All of the ancestors of Mrs. Draper who came to this country before 1640 landed in Massachusetts, many of them emigrating to New Hampshire and other parts of New England. Among these, on her father's side, were Nathaniel Merrill, of Newbury, Samuel Appleton, Philip Fowler, and Richard Jacob, of Ipswich, and William Symonds, in later life a representative from Wells, Maine, the son of the Hon. Samuel Symonds, deputy governor of Massachusetts, and Dorothy Harlackenden. On her mother's side were Edmund Gale, Edward Gilman, who settled in Hingham, but removed to Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1652, and Richard Bartlett, Jr., representative from 1579 to 1584, who with his father, Richard, settled at Newbury in 1634.

Among the several ancestors through whose service Mrs. Draper claims eligibility to the Daughters of the American Revolution, two, Daniel Gilman and Jonathan Weeks, were over seventy years, and one, John Bell, Jr., only sixteen years of age, at the time of service. Another, Hon. Josiah Bartlett, the last president of New Hampshire and its first governor, was the first member of the Continental Congress to vote for the Declaration of Independence, and the first after John Hancock, the president, to attach his signature to that document.

Since her marriage Mrs. Draper has lived very quietly, surrounded by her family, but devoting her leisure moments to

some of the many historical and benevolent societies of the capital. She was one of the original members of the Ladies' Historical Society, is the vice-president of the Home Missionary Society in her church, and has for many years been connected with the Homeopathic Hospital and Dispensary. She was for two years Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter and in that capacity attended the Third and Fourth Continental Congresses, and by the latter body was unanimously elected to her present position.

MRS. MARY CHASE GANNETT,

THIRD HISTORIAN GENERAL.



MRS. HENRY GANNETT.

and honor. On the paternal side Mrs. Gannett is descended from General Frye, an officer who distinguished himself at the battle of Louisberg, and as a reward for his services received a grant of the township in Maine which has since borne the name of Fryeburg. Mrs. Gannett was married in 1874. Her husband is one of the leading men in the scientific society of

MARY CHASE GANNETT (Mrs. Henry Gannett) is a New England woman by birth and education, her early home having been in Saco, Maine. Her grandfather on the maternal side, Samuel Peirson, entered the Revolutionary Army when very young, and after a short period of active service became Washington's private secretary. Her great grandfather was Major Hill, who served through the war and afterwards held many positions of trust

Washington. He is a geographer by profession and has been for many years connected with the United States Geological Survey.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.,

SURGEON GENERAL.



DR. ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE.

BORN November 4, 1864, at Washington, District of Columbia, daughter of Prof. Simon Newcomb (considered one of the first of living astronomers), senior Professor of Mathematics, United States Navy; Superintendent Nautical Almanac Office, United States Navy. Through her mother, Mary Caroline Hassler Newcomb, she is great-granddaughter of F. R. Hassler, founder of the United States Coast

and Geodetic Survey; grandniece of Prof. Joseph E. Nourse, United States Navy; great-grandniece of Joseph Nourse, first registrar of the Treasury, and the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Rittenhouse, superintendent of the gun factory of Pennsylvania during the Revolution; brother of David Rittenhouse, the astronomer. (See biographical dictionaries for every name mentioned.) She enters the Daughters of the American Revolution through General and Mrs. John Bull, of Norristown, Pennsylvania; Rittenhouse, Nourse, and other families.

After graduating at a private school in Washington, three years were spent in travel and study in Europe.

Married, February 14, 1888, to W J McGee, then geologist

of the United States Geological Survey, now ethnologist in charge of the Bureau of American Ethnology. (See biographical dictionaries.) A marriage of rare happiness.

Graduated as M. D. from medical department of Columbian University, Washington, 1892, and took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Has since been practicing medicine. Has published a number of articles, chiefly relating to the communistic societies of this country, and has lectured on them and on medical topics. Is officer, fellow, or member of many scientific societies. Has done much genealogical work, which is as yet unpublished. Was elected Surgeon General, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the Congress of 1894, and again the year following. Has served as chairman of Magazine Committee (two years), chairman of Committee on Administration, compiler of directory, etc. Has child.

MRS. LUCIA A. BLOUNT,

SECOND HISTORIAN GENERAL.



MRS. HENRY F. BLOUNT.

MRS. BLOUNT was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was the daughter of Lovett Eames and Lucy C. Morgan, and comes of good Revolutionary stock; in fact, so far as traced, all of her ancestors emigrated to this country between 1624 and 1632. The first Eames ancestor who settled in this country was a soldier in the Pequot war, and afterwards his wife and three children were killed by the Indians.

his house burned to the ground, and his remaining children taken captive. One of the boys escaped and found his way home alone—living on roots.

The family have always been brave soldiers, fourteen of the name having been in the Revolution while nine were in the battle of Lexington and Concord.

On the mother's side the record is equally as good. There were fifteen Morgans in the regiment in which her great-grandfather served during the Revolution. Seven of them were officers in the regiment.

Mrs. Blount was educated in Kalamazoo College under Dr. and Mrs. Stone. She lived several years abroad to educate her children. Since her home has been in Washington she helped to organize and was made the president of the Pro-Ra-Nata Society, an organization that has taken a front rank in the "federated clubs, and noted for its parliamentary procedure, and so, as its name signifies, ready for a special emergency, according to the circumstances. Any question for the public good or individual, any issue of the day where thought and deliberation are necessary, any current topic that touches the public weal, finds ready hearts and hands in "Pro-Ra-Nata."

Mrs. Blount is a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She has been a Vice President and Historian for two years.

She has also been identified with several other societies and clubs whose trend is for the betterment of society.

The spirit of her ancestors has taken on new phases in this her generation—but all of it means for liberty, justice, and the right.

M. S. L.



A PURITAN LEADER.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE think of Roger Williams as the founder of a State. In his view, that was incidental. He did not go to Narragansett Bay for that purpose—but to secure for himself and others the object of his life, “soul liberty.”

The fundamental article of government, which persons admitted to residence in Providence were required to sign, established a pure democracy, absolutely forbade control of the conscience; also required obedience to rulers *only in civil things*.

The Colony was at first a pure democracy; but in 1643, Williams was sent to England to procure a charter, which he did, returning in 1644. On his voyage he wrote his “Key into the Languages of America.” His industry was amazing. In the midst of a turbulent life he found leisure to write works enough to fill the time of an able man. He also published during this visit, “The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace.”

New difficulties arose in the Colony. He was again sent to England, 1651, and again successful in his mission. This time he published “Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health.” This was written, he says, “in the thickest of the native Indians of America, in their very wild houses, and by their barbarous fires.”

Here we must digress a moment. He made a faithful, scholarly study of the Indian languages, had a better acquaintance with the Narragansett tongue than any other white man of his time. In order to do this it was necessary for him, a refined, educated, Christian gentleman, *to live among those savages*. He was led to do this, not by a scholar's passion for deeper draughts from the wells of knowledge, but that he might teach them of Christ.

While in England, attending faithfully to the interests of his Colony, publishing his works, engaging in charitable work, he filled his "leisure" time with teaching. He writes to Governor Winthrop: "It pleased the Lord to call me for some time and with some persons to practice the Hebrew, the Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch." Every thing is referred to God; "It pleased the Lord to call me" being a constant formula in his letters. Such reference may seem fanatical to an advanced nineteenth century thinker. But, after all, does not the belief, which was so strong in him, that a man's work is appointed unto him by the Ruler of the Universe, dignify that work? Does not the belief that one is constantly in the sight of One who is all-powerful; does not the belief that one lives for Eternity, make life sublime?

While teaching he found one pupil who paid for his tuition in very precious coin. That pupil was none other than John Milton. He says: "For my Dutch I read him, he read me many more languages." Who would not have been glad to listen to conversations between these two great Puritans? The poet whose physical eyes were closed; but the eyes of whose spirit were wide open to all holy truth and moral beauty; yes, and so strong that they seemed almost able to look, undazzled upon God himself. And that other strong-souled Puritan, who served God and his fellow-man, not by leaving "something so writ that men would not willingly let die;" but by living a life whose memory men could not easily let die. John Milton and Roger Williams holding high converse! It is an inspiration to think of it.

In the letter to Governor Winthrop referred to, he also says: "Grammar rules begin to be esteemed a tyranny. I taught two young gentlemen . . . as we teach our children English,

by words, phrases, and constant talk." The so-called "Natural Method," then, is as old as Roger Williams.

He returned to Rhode Island in 1654, and in the same year was elected president of the Colony, an office which he held for two years and a half.

During his presidency his influence with the Indians enabled him to render valuable service to the other Colonies, by averting the calamities of savage war; but they refused to admit Rhode Island into the New England League, and even put obstacles in the way of her procuring the means of defense.

Some one has said: "Be sure that saints are not so good, nor sinners so bad as people think them." These men, sacrificing so much for religion as to preclude all doubt of their sincerity, yet could so soon and so far forget the Golden Rule, be so oblivious of the common brotherhood of man!

It is pleasant to know that one man of those times could flee from persecution without turning persecutor at the first opportunity. Roger Williams refused to persecute the Quakers; but in 1672, he met three of the most eminent preachers of the sect in public debate at Newport, and afterwards published, "George Fox Digged out of his Burrowes."

Lack of space forbids that we refer to his part in the wars with Canonchet, Philip, and other Indian chiefs, further than to say that, whenever it was possible, his role was that of peacemaker. "He alone was," says one, "a better defense to his people against Indian wrongs than all the guns of the combined Colonies."

He died in 1683, at the age of eighty-four, having enjoyed a brief period of rest and peace.

And now, what manner of man was he? In reply to the German question, "What could he do?" we may say, he was explorer, author, linguist, diplomatist, teacher, preacher, missionary, and theologian.

To the attainments of a scholar he added the simplicity of a child, the zeal of an apostle, the faith of a patriarch.

He might be called obstinate; but his seeming obstinacy was always for conscience' sake; it was the firmness of a saint. Like George Eliot's Tom Tulliver, he believed his principles to be good ones, or he would have had nothing to do with

them. His convictions were so strong that they seemed to him to be the voice of God. Fanaticism, says one. Perhaps so. Perhaps open to criticism; but certainly preferable to namby-pambyism, to the moral flabbiness against which Christians of this comfortable, liberal, tolerant age must strive.

He might be accused of inconsistency, having once even withdrawn from the church he had founded. This was because he doubted the validity of his baptism. Were not all his seeming inconsistencies traceable to the fact that he had a thinking mind, open to conviction? There is, doubtless, a consistency worthy of praise. But the word is sometimes only another name for mental stagnation.

He was unselfish—indeed, utterly “reckless of his own affairs,” we are told, “when weighed against the common good.” He once sold a business bringing him five hundred dollars in gold yearly—no mean income for that day—appropriated the receipts to the support of his family, while he went to England in the interests of the Colony.

Though forced to give much attention to business he was true to his calling as a minister. “The desire for the conversion of the Indians,” says a biographer, “was ever the burden of his heart.”

We think of him as an agitator. He was; truth thrown among error always produces agitation. But this was incidental to the condition of things around him. His soul-yearning was for peace. He did much practical work toward the attainment of peace; among the white men, among the Indians, between white man and Indian.

He had broad sympathies, a large mind; if this was not always appreciated by his contemporaries. A soul may seem narrow to those of lower moral stature, because of its very loftiness. His freedom of thought was limited only by a reverent attitude toward God and truth.

Above all, his was a religious nature. Religion, even more than love or genius, is an alchemist, transmuting common things to precious. From his laboratory the lead and iron of hardship and sorrow came forth as the shining gold of the virtues. In every noble soul gleams now and then a spark of poetry, e'en though it never kindle into verse. It is pleasant

to believe that the bleak New England forests, through which the ardent spirit of Roger Williams dragged his weary body, were occasionally transfigured to his vision at the time, as they must ever be in our thought of them. As we look back upon those stern winter woods, with that strong soul wandering through them, the interlacing boughs become the arches; the supporting trunks the mighty pillars; the blue sky overhead, cloud-fretted by day, star-lighted by night, the lofty ceiling; the cold ground beneath his feet the snow-carpeted floor of a vast cathedral, from which the Puritan hymns, the soul-out-pouring prayers must have gone to Heaven as directly as any which rise from the cushioned pews of the beauteous temples which we to-day delight to build to God's glory.

Roger Williams founded one of our beloved United States. He founded the Baptist Church in this country. He planted here the idea of soul freedom. He did a greater thing than any of these for America and Americans; he lived here a true, noble, brave life. In grateful recognition of this best gift a man can leave his race, we, daughters of brave forefathers, may well pause a moment in our busy modern lives, may well step aside from the flowery paths of nineteenth century ease and luxury, to lay upon a grave in a dreary New World a wreath of laurel intertwined with cypress.

LIZZIE PERSHING ANDERSON.

JONATHAN JONES,

BORN 1738, died September 26, 1782, was one of the original "Minute Men" of the Revolution, or Associators, as they were called in Pennsylvania, and was appointed captain in the first Pennsylvania battalion of the Continental Army October 27, 1775. This was the first battalion raised in Pennsylvania by Congress for the Continental Army.

He was stationed with his regiment at the barracks, corner Third and Green streets, Philadelphia, until he was ordered to Quebec. He began this terrible march of two months, with his company, from Philadelphia, January 23, 1776, and continued it in mid-winter over the frozen lakes, reaching Quebec toward the close of March.

He took part in the siege of that place through the rigors of a Canadian winter, and in the precipitate retreat which followed he returned at great personal risk and secured valuable papers which had been left behind. He was with General Arnold in his pursuit of the British after the battle of "The Cedars," and took a conspicuous part in the battle of "Three Rivers," on June 8, 1776.

He shared the privations and great suffering of the army in its retreat to Ticonderoga, and was promoted for distinguished services to the rank of major, October 25, 1776. He was instrumental in persuading his troops to remain at Ticonderoga, after their term of service had expired, until after General Carleton had retreated to Canada. His regiment, then numbering 472 men, was ordered back to Pennsylvania in November, 1776. They marched to Albany, and were transported from there to New Windsor in boats. From New Windsor they marched by the way of Haverstraw to Morristown, crossed the Delaware from New Germantown, and joined the troops under Washington at Newtown, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and participated in the attack upon Trenton, December 26, 1776. He was made lieutenant colonel March 12, 1777, and after the resignation of Colonel James Irvine was in command of his regiment for some months, two companies of which were on duty in Philadelphia while the others were guarding the upper ferries of the Delaware.

Though only thirty-nine years of age and of robust constitution, the privations, hardships, anxieties, exposure, and sufferings of the campaign in Canada had completely shattered his health, and he was stricken with paralysis in the summer of 1777. He had experienced, to the full measure, that suffering which Irving described as "the lot of the Revolutionary soldier." It was a source of bitter regret to him that he was physically unable to take part with his regiment in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. He resigned his commission toward the close of his two years' service in the Continental Army.

He was a commissioner under the "test laws" of Pennsylvania in 1778 and a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1779-80.

He is buried in Bangor churchyard, at Churchtown, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Katharine Jones Wallace, of Pittsburg Chapter, is great-granddaughter of Jonathan Jones, and granddaughter of Brigade Quartermaster William Rodman, of General John Lacey's brigade.

EVAN SHELBY.

[Read before Mary Ball Chapter, Tacoma, Washington.]

IN 1735, while King George the Second was still on the throne of England, David Shelby with his family left their home in Caernarvan, Wales, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and began a new life in Frederick Town, Maryland. It has come to me from some family tradition that David Shelby was a younger son and came to the New World for a broader life than would be possible in his old surroundings, but of his son Evan Shelby we know more definitely. He was fourteen years old when the family left Wales; the accounts say he had a meager education, that means, of course, from books, but that he had an education of another kind that fitted him better than written lore for the work that came to him to do is certain. We read that early in life he became a noted hunter and woodsman, later he engaged with his father in the fur trade with the Indians, establishing posts at intervals all the way from Kanawha River to the Island of Mackinaw, which island was acquired and owned by the Shelbys, and this same family tradition to which we have referred, says that John Jacob Astor was in their employ. That all these pursuits were successful is shown later. It was not long before the Colonies were called upon to enact their chapter in the seven years' war then being waged between France and England, known more familiarly to us as the old French and Indian wars. This put an end, of course, to any active fur trading, but it was a time for action, and Evan Shelby was ready. Of the fruits of his education in the forest and on the rivers of the unexplored country save for such as he, and the large fortune accumulated in his trading with the Indians, he gave freely; he raised, armed, and equipped at his own private expense, and then maintained, a full company of scouts, and himself piloted the British and Colonial troops

westward—the first general west of the Allegheny Mountains. He, with his company, took a prominent part in the battle of Fort Duquesne, where he was wounded. After the war, as family papers show, he applied for some remuneration from the bankrupt Colonies and from King George, but he was unsuccessful, except that the Maryland Colony voted him a small amount of Colonial currency—not possibly the first case of ingratitude on record. After this, with possibly a sore heart, he went south, and finally to what is now Bristol, Tennessee. He was killed at the age of seventy-four by an Indian in ambush; he was buried on his own land, but as the town grew he was moved to a public cemetery, just across the line in Virginia. Other services rendered by Evan Shelby must not be told here, of successful raids against the Indians, and of the part he took in the battle of Point Pleasant, etc. That the life of this sturdy Welshman was not without its romance we know, for a faithful wife is buried by his side, and at the battle of Point Pleasant his son Isaac shared the danger of the battle with him.

This son Isaac was born in Maryland, December, 1750—a common-school education the records accord him, but his letters show no lack. His public services began before he attained his majority. Seeing a boundless stretch of unexplored land he chose as his profession that of a civil engineer, making journeys into the future State of Kentucky, the history of which he afterwards assisted so largely in making. He left Maryland with his father and engaged with him in the cattle business. His first military service was at the battle of Mount Pleasant, where he was appointed lieutenant in his father's company. To him was given the credit of the successful result of the battle that did so much to relieve Kentucky from the Indians. Isaac Shelby was left in command until the troops were disbanded by the English general—just as the first note of battle for liberty sounded. All efforts at reconciliation with the mother country had failed, and when resistance was found to be the price of liberty we find Isaac Shelby at the front casting his lot with the army in Virginia. With Sevier he was instrumental in repulsing the British just as they had hoped to crush the southern Colonies. He also gave material aid to the commissary

department from his private fortune, and when Sevier planned an expedition to seize the British stores at Chickamauga he equipped and supplied the troops by the pledge of his own individual credit. Isaac Shelby's services in establishing the independence of the Colonies were many and varied, too many to recount in this simple introduction of my ancestors to my sisters of the Mary Ball Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Many historians have recounted at length those services, but I am sure it is with pardonable pride that I mention his part in the battle of King's Mountain, the battle that is conceded to be the turning point of the Revolution. He had first taken part in the disastrous defeat of General Gates at Camden, North Carolina, and was obliged to retreat. This instead of disheartening him served to awaken a realization of his own ability to stem the tide, and he suggested the campaign which led to the battle of King's Mountain. In his regiment were his two brothers, Evan Shelby, Jr., as major of the regiment, and Moses in command of the company. To more than one of the heroes who took part in this battle is accorded the crowning glory of the victory, but of Shelby's claim for the supremacy Professor Shaler says: "Although Shelby was not in name the chief of this action, there is no reason to doubt that the conception of the campaign and the vigor of its execution are his alone." He adds, "His also was the scheme which led to the battle of Cowpens." Draper, in his "King's Mountain and its Heroes," says: "Shelby's noble efforts in prosecuting the King's Mountain Expedition, his magnanimity in securing the appointment of Colonel Campbell to the chief command, and his heroic conduct in the battle, all combine to render his services at the critical period of the greatest importance to his country." But, as he himself says, with his characteristic modesty, when friends of other military leaders would claim the credit of the victory, "I want no credit for it, we whipped them, and so any man who wants can take the credit;" but all accord unflinching bravery. No less a person than Bancroft says: "Shelby, a man of hardest make, stiff as iron, among the dauntless singled out for dauntlessness, went right onward and upward, like a man who had but one thing to do, and but one thought—to do it." In later years for these

services in this battle he received a sword from the government of North Carolina. That the surrender of Cornwallis came almost with the news of the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain is an index of the importance of that battle.

MARY SHELBY STALLCUP.

(*To be continued.*)

MATTHEW SMITH,

BORN January 13, 1755; mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1777; died October 26, 1777; son of John and Mary Jaquelin Smith, of Shooter's Hill, Middlesex County, Virginia.

The heroism and martyrdom of Arnold von Winkelried in the battle of Sempach, fought on July 9, 1386, between the Austrians and soldiers of the Confederate Swiss Cantons, have been the theme of praise from men for five long centuries.

"There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name!
Unmarked he stood amid the throng
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace
The very thought come o'er his face,
And, by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike and how.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide
As if his dearest friend to clasp,
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
'Make way for liberty!' he cried
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them like a tree
And thus made way for liberty."

In such exalted strains does the poet love to perpetuate the deeds of daring that make a *hero* one of the world's rich possessions. No clime or country can fetter the fame of those who bequeath their glory to the great brotherhood of man.

The soldier whose name heads this article was a Virginia youth, a captain in the First Virginia Regiment in the Conti-

mental Army. To his sacrifice of self, and great personal bravery the story of Arnold von Winkelried seems to afford a touching parallel.

In the difficult position in which General Washington found himself during the battle of Germantown, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1777, questioning the propriety of advancing troops to meet the enemy with a strongly fortified citadel (improvised by the British) in their rear—a citadel which proved impregnable against attacks from front and rear until the end of the battle, it was proposed to send a flag of truce to this stronghold, known as "Chew's house," and garrisoned by six companies under command of the British Colonel Musgrave.

The battle raged beyond Chew's house, and Colonel Musgrave, having taken advantage of this *point d'appui*, kept up a destructive fire on the Americans as they passed; hence the necessity of reducing, if possible, this defiant fortress.

General Henry Lee, in his interesting "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," says:

"The halt at Chew's house was taken after some deliberation, as the writer well recollects, being for the day in the suite of the commander-in-chief with a troop of dragoons charged with duty near his person. Many junior officers, at the head of whom were Colonel Pickering and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, urged with zeal the propriety of passing the house. Brigadier Knox opposed the measure with earnestness, denouncing the idea of leaving an armed force in the rear, and being always high in the General's confidence his opinion prevailed.

"A flag of truce was instantly dispatched to summon the British colonel, while appropriate bodies of troops were prepared to compel his submission. As had been suggested, the summons was disregarded by Musgrave, who persevered in his judicious defense, and Captain Smith, of the First Virginia Regiment, deputy adjutant general, bearing the flag, fell with it waving in his hands. Thirsting after military fame, and devoted to his country, he obeyed with joy the perilous order, advanced through the deadly fire pouring from the house, presuming that the sanctity of his flag would at length be respected. Vain expectation! He fell before his admiring comrades a victim of this generous presumption."

Also, in the life of Timothy Pickering, adjutant general of the Continental Army, we find the following:

" * * * But a flag was sent, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, adjutant general, offering himself to carry it. I did not expect to see him return alive. I imagined they would pay no respect to the flag, they being well posted and the battle far enough from being decided. The event justified

my apprehensions ; in a few minutes Mr. Smith was brought back with his leg broken and shattered by a musket ball fired from the house.

" * * * He died of the wound on the 26th of October."

Colonel Pickering, in a letter to his wife (of November 2d), speaks of Matthew Smith as a "youth much to be lamented. He was active, sensible, and brave, of a manly and generous disposition."

Thus is the deed of valor performed by Matthew Smith recorded by two distinguished officers present upon the field of Germantown, and thus may we with reverence perpetuate his noble memory. The mother of the writer of this article, Mrs. Francis Lee (Sarah Gosnelle) Smith, of Alexandria, Virginia, is the great-niece of Matthew Smith and one of his nearest living relatives. On his father's side he was descended from Colonel George Reade, of the Virginia Colony (as was also George Washington), who was brother to Robert Reade, private secretary to Windebank, Secretary of State to Charles I, and through his mother traced his lineage to John Jaquelin, who married Elizabeth Craddock, daughter of "generous Matthew Craddock," governor of Massachusetts Bay Company, 1629. Hence the perpetuation of the name "Matthew."

Matthew Smith was the youngest son of John Smith, of Shooter's Hill, Middlesex County, Virginia, and Mary, daughter of Edward Jaquelin. It seems to be a singular and interesting coincidence that his paternal ancestor, Captain Nicholas Martain, had taken out in 1639 a patent for the land on which Yorktown was built, and that Edward Jaquelin, his grandfather, should have owned the largest portion of Jamestown.

The following extracts from the *Virginia Gazette* are valuable contributions to the history of Matthew Smith's personal antecedents.

[*Virginia Gazette, Williamstown, November 18th, 1737.*]

"Yesterday, Mr. John Smith of Gloucester County was married to Miss Molly Jacqueline, Youngest Daughter of Mr. Edward Jacqueline of James-Town, An agreeable Young Lady of Merit and Fortune."

[*Virginia Gazette, November 16th, 1739.*]

"On Friday night last died at his House at James-Town, in the Seventy-First Year of his Age, Mr. Edward Jacqueline, who was formerly a Representative in Assembly, for James-Town; and has been many Years a Justice of Peace of James City County; a Gentleman of very good Sense,

and endow'd with many excellent and valuable Qualities, which his Relatives, Neighbors and Acquaintances have with Pleasure experienc'd and now greatly lament the loss of him. His Corpse was Yesterday interr'd in a very decent Manner in the Church Yard at James-Town, accompany'd to the Grave by a great Number of Persons, many of whom testify'd how deeply they were affect'd with the Loss of so Valuable a Friend."

Matthew Smith died at the age of twenty-two, unmarried. He was a brevet major at the time of his death and his property descended according to the law of primogeniture.

Matthew Smith's services were rewarded by Virginia and the Federal Government in bounty and in scrip, but to us it is left to pay a more enduring tribute to his memory. Let his name not be forgotten, or the throbbings of his patriot heart as he waved that flag of truce be unrecorded. That flag was doomed to be his winding sheet, but 'twas a banner upheld by youth and pride and love of country and is the sacred legacy he has left his name and kindred.

And so, upon the story of individual valor the mind delights to dwell and through knowledge of the men who made our history we can appreciate the price they paid and the matchless treasure which they bought. It will teach us to love and guard that thrice-blessed freedom which lifted America to what she has been, is, and will be in the future of the world.

MARGARET V. SMITH.



CHAPTERS.

CAMPBELL CHAPTER (Nashville, Tennessee,) was fully organized December 20, 1894, with twelve members, its Regent having been commissioned three months prior to that time. We have a good prospect of a number of new recruits very soon. Those already enrolled are as follows: Mrs. Margaret Campbell Pilcher, Regent; Mrs. Margaret Douglas Richards, Treasurer; Miss Mary Sevier Hors, Mrs. Lizzie K. Picton, Mrs. Mamie Smith Berry, Mrs. Alice Allen Berry, Miss Valeria E. Allen, Miss Louise Trousdale Allen, Miss Elinor Katherine Trousdale, Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare, Mrs. Lucy Hudson Morris, Mrs. Louisa Allison Lipscombe, Mrs. Hettie M. Stubblefield, Mrs. Fanny Campbell Bowner, Mrs. Mary Cherry Head, Mrs. J. Putnam Perkins, Mrs. Maria Louise Ewing Blackmar, Mrs. Elizabeth Sevier Donald, Mrs. Marion Palmer Kirkland, Mrs. Eunice Williams Fite, Mrs. Lucy Chase Chapman Denny, and Mrs. Pearl Daniel Morrell. Our Chapter is making a study of the early history of our State and the men and women who assisted her settlement in the last century. Thanking you for your kind words of encouragement, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself yours sincerely.—MARGARET CAMPBELL PILCHER, *Regent*.

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL CHAPTER (Ansonia, Connecticut), was informally organized in June, 1894, by Mrs. Keim, the State Regent, and held its first regular meeting on October 11th, with twenty-four members enrolled. The monthly meetings during the year at the homes of different members have been devoted chiefly to the part Connecticut bore in the Revolution and pleasantly varied by music, vocal and instrumental, under the direction of a competent musical committee. "The Riverside Song Book," a collection of patriotic airs, has added much to the interest, and the meetings invariably open with grand old "America." Being an offshoot of Derby, which is two and one-half centuries old, Ansonia now claims the right

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to but one historic spot, Pork Hollow, where in 1777 a large quantity of pork was concealed from the British when General Tryon made an attempt to raid the town. As the hollow is being rapidly filled up and devoted to building purposes one of the first duties of this Chapter will be to mark it, as nearly as possible, by a wayside stone, that one now almost forgotten spot may be redeemed from utter oblivion. For the name of our Chapter we have chosen that of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, an early resident of this place, the mother of General William Hull and grandmother of Commodore Isaac Hull. She may well be called the "mother of a patriot," as three sons served in the Revolution, two sons and five grandsons in the War of 1812 and many descendants in the Civil War. Our patriotic work commenced on Memorial Day, when the graves of three Revolutionary soldiers were decorated with wreaths of laurel and the Society colors. The grave of Elizabeth Clarke Hull was also remembered and covered with flowers. On Flag Day, under the auspices of the Chapter, a contribution was taken in all our schools to aid in the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." Mite boxes and rolls had previously been placed in each room and 1,235 children showed their interest in the undertaking by signing their names to the rolls and contributing \$34.36, including 1,500 pennies and 200 nickels. The members of the Chapter and their friends added their offerings, thereby raising the sum to \$51. Our last meeting was held on June 14th, when the birth of the Stars and Stripes was commemorated by patriotic exercises at the home of the Vice-Regent, Mrs. C. F. Bliss. About one hundred guests were present by invitation of the Chapter, among them the Regents and delegates from several neighboring Chapters and the State Regent, Miss Clark, who spoke a few words of greeting to her new Daughters. The guests were seated on the shady lawn, while the piazza was converted into a temporary platform and beautifully draped with flags and bunting. The house and grounds were elaborately decorated with red, white, and blue and the members of the Chapter were distinguished by rosettes of the Society colors. A chorus of fifteen male voices, under the direction of Professor Goodale, rendered "The Star Spangled

Banner," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and "Red, White, and Blue," with fine effect, and "The Stripes and the Stars" was delightfully recited by Miss Edith Munger. The address was delivered by Hon. Stephen W. Kellogg, of Waterbury, a Son of the American Revolution, who gave a stirring account of some of the heroic deeds of our foremothers and of the important part the "month of roses" played in the early history of our country. He heartily congratulated the Chapter on the choice of a name so closely connected with glorious deeds by land and sea and made famous by the memorable battle between the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere;" also on obtaining for the fame of its Chapter such a valuable historical relic as a piece of "Old Ironsides." "America," enthusiastically sung by the whole audience, closed the exercises, which were followed by an informal reception. Interest in the Society and its work has increased much during the year, and we hope in the future to prove ourselves ready and able to help in the noble work that is being done "for home and country."—LUCIA HOSMER COTTER, *Historian*.

CONTINENTAL CHAPTER (Washington, District of Columbia).—One year ago this Chapter was organized at the residence of Mrs. M. A. Ballinger, and the following members were elected as officers: Mrs. M. A. Ballinger, Regent; Mrs. M. S. Gist, Vice-Regent; Miss Louise Codwise, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Emma Sears, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. B. Solger, Treasurer; Mrs. Sarah Griss, Registrar. But one change has occurred in the board, that of corresponding secretary. Miss Codwise having gone abroad, Miss Lucy Moore was elected to that office. It was unanimously voted that the monthly meetings should be public, which decision has been closely adhered to, and in spite of much hard labor and many perplexities there has always been a historical paper or address by some prominent citizen or visitor, an article by a member of the Chapter, music and recitation by members and others. The greater part of this herculean task has fallen upon our Regent, who even when ill has not failed to present an elaborate programme. We have not been without our reward, for every meeting has been crowded with courteous, cultured, and appreciative audi-

ences, and at almost every meeting new applicants have been received; so that at the close of this first year the Chapter congratulates itself that while perpetuating the memory of its ancestors and emulating their good deeds, they have disseminated much useful historical information and helped greatly in educating the community as to the object of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Hardly had we entered upon our work when one of our most earnest and helpful organizers, Mrs. Pattie Stocking, was laid aside through the entire year by a dreadful accident. After numerous times of meeting death face to face she has recovered and is present for the first time. Three times have the joyous marriage bells rung out for our members. The Red, White, and Blue tea by our Regent, and the sixteenth anniversary of the marriage of our Registrar were joyous reunions not soon to be forgotten. But oh! how soon does sorrow follow upon the heels of joy. Six times has the death angel entered into the families of our members and taken away beloved ones. As one after another passed under the sod we drew closer and closer to the stricken ones, sustaining and sympathizing as best we could, and with renewed energy and strong effort kept our beloved Chapter and its interests to the front, hiding our own heartaches that the friends outside should be entertained and instructed. We have journeyed together in love, and now when we are about to transfer our banner into the hands of our successors, if it be illuminated by the three virtues, Fraternity, Patriotism, and Unity, then will have been gained the highest ambition of the retiring officers of Continental Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.—M. S. GIST, *Vice-Regent*.

ELIZABETH BENTON CHAPTER.—The Daughters of the American Revolution in Kansas City, Missouri, in selecting the name of Elizabeth Benton for their Chapter, have paid a graceful tribute to one who in every way fills the requirements of such a distinction. It is also fortunate that the leading Chapter of the State is furnished an opportunity to confer an honor upon the wife of him, who for thirty years served her so honorably in the Senate of the United States, and who was the best representative of the statesmen of the middle west at a time when the latter gave the tone to the political thought

of the Mississippi Valley. Mrs. Benton was Elizabeth Preston McDowell, her father, Colonel James McDowell, being a man of marked decision and efficiency of character at an early day in Virginia. Her mother was the daughter of William Preston, who took an active part in the movement that brought about the War of Independence; organized troops for the Revolutionary struggle, and died from wounds received while gallantly leading his regiment at Guilford Court House in 1775. The McDowells were Scotch Covenanters, and they, as well as the Prestons, were chiefs in the large settlement in Rockbridge and the valley counties, known since as the Puritans of Virginia. The annals of these two families furnish many instances of spirit and heroism shown by their daughters, as well as sons, during the struggle for independence. One of them carried to her grave a large cut in the forehead from the knife thrown by an Indian in the British service, King George's mark she called it. There is also a story of an English officer, of the hated Colonel Tarleton's command, riding up and demanding food for himself and soldiers of another one of these colonial dames. She, arrayed in her best damask gown and petticoat, invited them first to their rooms to remove the dust of travel and then to sit down to the best her servants could prepare. This same officer, unable to appreciate such delicacy, and observing the very green color of the pease, exclaimed, "I understand the meaning of your fine airs, madam, you are trying to poison us." Silently she took her youngest child on her knee and fed her the pease, adding, "You may feel quite safe now, gentlemen; whoever eats at my table, invited or uninvited, has my best care." After her marriage in 1822, the ruling feeling in Mrs. Benton's heart, and strongest to the last, was her devotion to her husband. Indeed, their lives may have been said to be inseparable, for she made her home where his business called him. Her daughter says of her, "Hers was a life not lived in words or conspicuous actions, but a gulf stream of natural force and warmth that was felt and influenced all who came into relation with her. Her creed was, 'The life best fitted for woman is the one where home and heaven comprise all aspirations and confer all happiness.'" She was distinguished for great personal dignity, keen wit, and a toler-

ant grasp of the many subjects that came before the home and friends who valued her quick insight and just perceptions. By birth and family, in honor, in courage, in loyalty, she was a true Daughter of the Revolution.

BUFFALO CHAPTER.—Among the many delightful reunions of this Chapter a reception and standing luncheon given on Thursday, June 20th, in honor of Miss Forsyth, the Regent of the State of New York, was not the least enjoyable. Miss Forsyth, who had been in Rochester to assist in the celebration of "Flag Day," arrived in Buffalo on Thursday morning and was received at eleven o'clock by about seventy women in the beautiful Colonial parlors of the Genesee Hotel. Owing to the short notice given, the attendance did not include the whole Chapter. Mrs. Mary N. Thompson, the Buffalo Regent, presented Miss Forsyth to the members, who gave an interesting talk, describing in a charming and unaffected manner the object of the organization and the results that have been obtained in inculcating and arousing a spirit of patriotism in the people of the United States. She spoke particularly of the interest felt in the Southern States, and in closing warmly urged the necessity of keeping up the interest, especially in the schools. Mrs. Thompson then gave a brief résumé of the methods and work of the Buffalo Chapter, of the course of study which had been pursued in American history, and spoke of the many brilliant papers which had been read, saying that next winter the course of study to be taken up would be "The Constitution of the United States, 1787-1789, Period of the Formation of the National Idea." This study will be based on the University Extension Lectures, using a syllabus by Francis Newton Thorpe. Mrs. Thompson also told of a recent reunion of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution on the occasion of the presentation to the public schools of Buffalo, by the Sons of the American Revolution, of fine engravings of Stuart's picture of Washington, when it was their good fortune to listen to a most eloquent address on Washington by Mr. Clarence Bushnell, of Buffalo. She also spoke of the hymn presented last February at Washington, at the national convention, from the State of New York, "The Song of Freedom." As there

was no decision made at that time, and the subject was laid over until next February, she urged the necessity of having a New York woman on the committee of selection that our State might have representation. This hymn was written by a member of the Buffalo Chapter. Mrs. Thompson was followed by Miss Maria Love, whose special work has been to carry out and foster the spirit of Article II of the Constitution of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Love gave a brief outline of her investigations in regard to the public schools of Buffalo, and spoke earnestly of the necessity of keeping a constant watch over the workings of the school system, deploring the fact that politics should have any influence over our schools. Her talk aroused much interest and several of the women who had visited the public schools recently (in order to report to Miss Love) spoke in a most interesting manner, and on the whole the reports were favorable, and showed that in Buffalo much patriotism is evinced, and all the days commemorating important events in American history are observed with due ceremony. Several other women spoke on subjects of interest, following the same trend of ideas, thereby making the meeting one of unusual interest. Miss Forsyth expressed in warm terms her delight in finding that Buffalo had such a flourishing Chapter, conducted on such broad lines, imbued with such a spirit of patriotism and progression. There is no doubt that the woman who presides influences to a great degree the general tone of a Society, and that the Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is particularly fortunate in having Mrs. Mary Norton Thompson for its Regent is an undisputed fact. Mrs. Thompson is a scholarly, dignified, Christian lady of the "old school," and therefore it is not surprising that the tone of the Chapter is dignified and scholarly. It is also fortunate in possessing many bright and talented women, whose papers have shown thought and cultivation, and with this a delightful spirit of friendly and social intercourse pervades the meetings, which occur once a month from October until May, with a special celebration of Washington's birthday.—LINDA DE K. FULTON.

ONONDAGA AND CAZENOVIA CHAPTERS.—Yesterday was a notable day in the history of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which a Chapter has been established in Syracuse, New York. The first formal meeting took place at "Overlook Farm," Cazenovia, July 2d, where the members were invited to luncheon by the Regent, Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, to meet Miss Mary Isabella Forsyth, of Kingston, New York, Regent of New York State. The party left Syracuse at 11.15 a. m. by a private car, and on arrival at Cazenovia were met by Mr. Dennis McCarthy with carriages and driven to his beautiful home on the lake side, where luncheon was served on the veranda, which was beautifully decorated with national colors. The cards at each plate bore not only the name of the expected guest, but on the upper left-hand corner the insignia of the Society in blue. The colors of the Daughters of the American Revolution are blue and white, and these were everywhere present, even the beautiful china was blue and white, the red and white roses blended, the colors of the flag with the blue with which the entire house was artistically draped. After the dainty repast, most charmingly served, was a season of social interchanges, after which Miss Forsyth addressed the ladies in an interesting manner, urging upon them their duties as Daughters. Her remarks were very pleasant and were greatly appreciated.

Those present from the Onondaga Chapter were: Mrs. Thomas Emory, Mr. Geo. N. Crouse, Mrs. Chas. H. Halcomb, Mrs. Wm. Nottingham, Mrs. Andrew H. Green, Mrs. John S. Finch, Mrs. Wm. B. Burnham, Mrs. Judge Irving G. Vann, Mrs. Chas. L. Stone, Mrs. C. M. Emerick, Mrs. Geo. K. Collins, Mrs. Wm. K. Pierce, Miss Stella McIntyre, Miss Bessie Collins, Dr. Juliet Hanchett. The visiting members were: Mrs. Ruth Ashmore, New York, and Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch. The Cazenovia ladies called upon Miss Forsyth during the afternoon to consider the project of forming a Chapter to be known as the Cazenovia Chapter, and appointed Miss Amanda Dows as Regent. The visitors rendered their thanks to Mrs. McCarthy for her hospitable entertainment, and returned to the city at 7 p. m. Mrs. Dennis McCarthy is the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and is peculiarly qualified for

the Regency of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The officers of Onondaga Chapter are Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Regent; Mrs. Charles H. Halcomb, Secretary; Mrs. Geo. N. Crouse, Registrar; Mrs. Wm. Nottingham, Treasurer; and Mrs. Thos. Emory, Historian.

RUTH HART CHAPTER.—A very cordial invitation was extended by Mrs. Bauer to the members of Ruth Hart Chapter to meet at her home in Berlin, on the afternoon of June 19. This was an invitation of more than usual interest, as Mrs. Bauer is a niece of Ruth Hart and her home the former home of Ruth Hart, in honor of whom our Chapter is named. Mrs. Bauer and her three daughters warmly welcomed thirty-five of our members to the hospitalities of their home, and the afternoon was delightfully spent in social intercourse, as we sauntered through the rooms or rambled about the grounds of the old homestead. The house has been modernized, still there are features remaining sufficient to mark it as the old colonial home. Its large beams, low ceilings, antique cupboards. A few things of historical interest, especially to our Chapter, were scattered about. The commission of General Hart hangs upon the wall in one of the rooms. On a table was seen the bible of Ruth Hart, also a copy of the discourse delivered at her funeral, and, standing near, the cane she used as a support in her advancing years. She lived to the great age of one hundred and two years, and, as her pastor declared in his tribute to her memory, was a woman of remarkably well-preserved powers both mentally and physically. Delicious ice cream and fancy cakes were served, while a huge punch bowl of lemonade standing on a table in the hall was exceedingly tempting and refreshing to the guests after the warm and dusty ride. As a fitting close to the afternoon's entertainment all gathered around the piano and joined in singing America.

ST. PAUL CHAPTER (Minnesota).—The regular quarterly meeting of the St. Paul Chapter was held Tuesday, April 31, at the parlors of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church. The Nation's flag was used in decoration, and tea was served to members and invited guests from a table festooned with smilax and clusters of red and white flowers. Flags were

artistically draped about the room, producing through the senses that warmth of feeling which must underlie every patriotic sentiment and contributing much toward a full appreciation of the noble work accomplished by the unselfish women comprising the last Continental Congress, a very spirited account of which was given in the report read by Mrs. Joseph E. McWilliams, chairman of the St. Paul delegation, who had but recently returned from Washington. She graphically pictured the scenes and incidents connected with the Congress, and called attention to the keen and growing interest manifested throughout the east, and gave such a comprehensive account of the work accomplished that those present acquired knowledge of the proceedings without the fatiguing details of a four days' session. The St. Paul Chapter is appreciative of the honor paid their former Regent by electing her a Vice-President General, and we earnestly hope that our remoteness from the home of the National Board will not prevent us sharing either the burdens or the honors in the future, while we fondly hope that our record of growth may some day rival that of our eastern sister States. Mrs. McWilliams spoke earnestly in behalf of, and called attention to, the effort to popularize the AMERICAN MONTHLY by conforming to the "spirit of the times" (or should I say "the necessity of the times") by a reduction in the subscription price. Another influence toward making the Magazine welcome in our midst is the name of Miss Jane Meade Welch among the associate editors, for since her visit to St. Paul last winter, and course of lectures, under the auspices of the St. Paul Chapter, anything from her lips or pen will be received with pleasure by her many friends here. The shadow upon the record of this otherwise bright occasion was the announcement made to the Chapter, which brought sorrow to many hearts, of the death of Mrs. Julia Waters Johnstone, who was a charter member, and, until recently, chaplain of the Chapter. A brief sketch of her life was read by Mrs. E. R. Sanford.—FRANKIE K. SCHURMEIER, *Corresponding Secretary*.

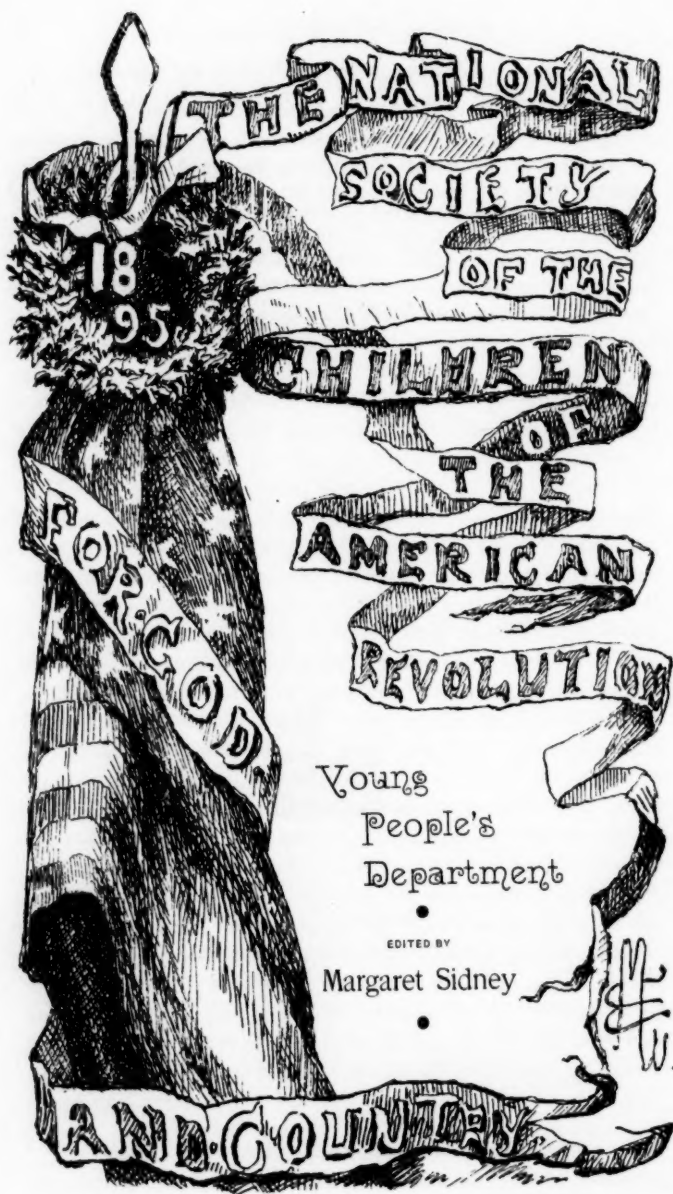
PITTSBURG CHAPTER.—By request of the recording secretary of the Chapter we publish the following: "The following

preamble and resolutions were presented at the special meeting of the Pittsburg Chapter on February 15, 1895, and were unanimously adopted :

"WHEREAS, It is understood that our much valued State Regent, Mrs. Julia K. Hogg, will be nominated for the highest office in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution :

"*Be it resolved*, That it is the unanimous wish of the Pittsburg Chapter to be put on record as having expressed their wish to have her elected to an office for which she is so eminently fitted, because of her ability and her devoted services to the Society."





THE NATIONAL
SOCIETY
OF THE
CHILDREN
OF THE
AMERICAN
REVOLUTION

Young
People's
Department

EDITED BY

Margaret Sidney

AND COUNTRY

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR GRAND FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

WE present this month, according to promise, our report of the great celebration in the interests of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, in the old South Meeting House, Boston, Massachusetts. We cannot get it all in this department, but enough will be given to show what a thoroughly good time was enjoyed, and how the tide of patriotism swelled high to bear all over the country the wave of enthusiasm to speed the young people on. Two out of the many newspaper accounts are given, taken down by reporters on the spot, as they present different features of the occasion.

THE FLAG BURSTS INTO SONG!

NOVEL FEATURE PRODUCED BY CHILDREN.—HARRISON SENDS GREETING TO YOUNG PATRIOTS.—GREENHALGE AND WOLCOTT IN EQUAL SYMPATHY.—SOCIETY HOLDS ITS FIRST LARGE MEETING.—OLD SOUTH CHURCH FILLED WITH ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS.

"Hail to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Patriotism should be inculcated. The children should not be left to catch it or not as they do the measles, and people who have caught it must not allow the cry 'jingo' to keep them indoors."

This was the greeting ex-President Harrison sent from Indianapolis to the meeting held yesterday morning in the Old South Church in the interest of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

His daughter, Mrs. Harrison McKee, with her two children, were among the invited guests, but being unable to be present Mrs. McKee sent a letter of regret, which was read by Mrs. Lothrop, in which she expressed her sympathy with and interest in the organization.

Many representative people were present to indorse this patriotic organization, of which a New England woman is the inspiration, and no other spot would have seemed so fitting as the historic Old South, with its many traditions and memories, in which to inaugurate this movement.

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Flags were draped very effectively over the reading desk on the platform, and the galleries were prettily decorated with red, white, and blue bunting.

At the right of the platform a "living flag" was arranged, composed of a chorus of little people, their dresses blended into the ever beautiful red, white, and blue, while in front was an augmented chorus of children from the Presbyterian Church in Roxbury, the Day Street Congregational Church in Somerville, the old Harvard Hill Church of Charlestown, and a delegation of young girls from Quincy and Grove Hall.

The auditorium and galleries were filled with a most enthusiastic audience when, at 9 a. m., the "Liberty Bell," presented to Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "America," by the Liberty Bell Committee, was rung as a signal for the opening of the exercises.

The opening prayer was by Rev. E. A. Horton, after which Mr. John W. Hutchinson, the famous abolitionist, sang "The Blue and the Gray," with cornet accompaniment by Miss Mabel L. Swift.

Then the "flag," under the direction of Mrs. L. C. Loomis, burst into song, singing the "Star Spangled Banner" with appropriate vigor.

There were patriotic airs by Mr. E. N. L'African, followed by the address of the President, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, who is known in the literary world as "Margaret Sidney."

Mrs. Lothrop gave a very interesting sketch of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, which was incorporated in April.

One of the reasons for starting the work is that it will tend to popularize the work of the public schools toward patriotism and good government; for those children who are not eligible for membership are to be gathered by the local societies into all its public meetings, into its plans, its works, and its pleasures.

All over the country there has been great interest in this Society. Young people are rapidly sending in their names, and parents are forwarding those of their children.

"Hail Columbia, Happy Land," was sung by the entire chorus as a prelude to the remarks of Rev. S. F. Smith, who told how he came to write his famous song.

Next came the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Master John Hudson Merrill, a very bright and promising young student at the Boston Latin School, where he recently received the first prize for declamation.

Lieutenant Governor Wolcott was the next speaker. He recalled a speech Wendell Phillips made at the State House when a strong effort was being made to preserve this old landmark. It was spoken of as a matter of sentiment, but most of the good things of this world, said Mr. Phillips, are, after all, only sentiment.

The Lieutenant Governor spoke of the sentiment which attaches itself to objects associated with the life of those whom we love or revere.

"Mr. Turner, of Philadelphia," he continued, "likes to keep a glove

worn by Shakespeare in one of his famous plays, and I thought perhaps you would like to see these little locks of the hair of George Washington and Mary Washington."

They were in a little leather case, which Mr. Wolcott took from his pocket, and he explained how it had been given by Mrs. Washington to the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, upon the breaking up of Washington's cabinet.

Miss Maggie May Bradbury, of Quincy, sang very sweetly "Our Free America," Mrs. Tufts playing the accompaniment.

The following letter was then read from Governor Greenhalge :

"The lessons of patriotism and lofty citizenship cannot be inculcated too early in the minds of the youth of America. Devotion to country—its institutions and its purposes—must mean good will to all men and inure to the benefit of the whole world. An organization calculated to promote noble ideals of patriotic duty deserves to be fostered and encouraged."

Rev. William Copley Winslow, President of the Egyptian Exploration Society, who was unable to be present, sent the following message :

"From the first Pharaoh in Egypt to President Cleveland there is but one Fourth of July, and that is our Fourth ; and in all history it is the greatest day for the boys and girls the boys making most of the noise and the girls doing most of the keeping still by looking on.

"If anybody has a right to celebrate the Fourth of July it is our boys and girls, especially our little, patriotic lads and lassies, who now form the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution."

Miss Lucy Hayes Breckinridge, Recording Secretary of the National Society, the thirteen-year-old daughter of General Breckinridge, Vice President General of the Sons of the American Revolution, sent the following greeting from Washington :

"The Capitol Society, Children of the American Revolution, sends greetings to the public meeting held in the Old South Church at Boston, under the auspices of our National Society, on the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence."

"The Liberty Song" and "God Bless the Soldier," composed by Miss Charlotte M. Hawes, who directed the musical programme, were then sung.

The salute to the flag was a very pretty feature, given under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Knowles.

The closing address was by Mr. Nathan Appleton, Vice President of the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution.*

Boston Globe, July 5th.

* NOTE.—This address will be printed in this department next month.
—ED.

OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

THE CELEBRATION BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE National Society of the Children of the American Revolution held very interesting exercises at the Old South Meeting House yesterday morning. The children of the Society were seated on raised seats, and were so dressed that the effect was that of a large American flag. Every one in the hall had a small American flag, on which was printed the words and musical score of Miss Charlotte Hawes's "Song of Liberty." The waving of these flags on various occasions during the exercises presented a scene which called forth expressions of delight on all sides.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the National Society. It was called to order by the ringing of the Liberty Bell presented by the Liberty Bell Committee to Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," and by him loaned for the occasion.

Greetings were sent from the Jonathan Brooks Society, of New London.

Thomas Starr and Thomas Avery organizations, of Groton, telegraphed greetings through Mrs. Cuthbert-Slocumb.

Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., of Auburndale, one of the Massachusetts promoters who had promised to speak, telegraphed his inability to be present and sent greetings and best wishes for better citizenship.

APPROVED THE OBJECT.

Dr. James A. McDonald, of Charlestown, sent regrets at not being able to assist at the exercises. He is in hearty sympathy with the objects of the Society, believing it of the greatest importance to teach every young American the ennobling lesson of the Revolution until they have an all-consuming love of country, and are imbued with the purity and high-mindedness of the Revolutionary statesmen.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, one of the promoters of the Society for New York, sent his regrets at not being present, and suggested that a part of the article in *Munsey's Magazine* for July relating to the Fourth of July be read; which was done.

Rev. William Copley Winslow wrote to say that if anybody has a right to celebrate the Fourth, it is our boys and girls.

LETTERS FROM NOTED PEOPLE.

Governor Greenhalge wrote that the lessons of patriotism and lofty citizenship cannot be inculcated too early into the mind of the youth of America.

Prof. John Fiske said that great good would come from the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Mary Parke Foster, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of Honorable John W. Foster, sent her regrets at not being able to be present with those on whom our future depends.

Hon. F. A. Hill, Secretary of the State Board of Education, for Massachusetts, wrote that every young person is a citizen from his earliest years, and that the duties of good citizenship begin as soon as responsible boyhood or girlhood begins. It is, therefore, an important matter to make known to the young their constitutional status, and to lead them to play well their role as young citizens of the republic.

Ex-President Harrison wrote as follows: "Hail to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Patriotism should be inculcated. The children should not be left to catch it or not as they do the measles, and people who have caught it must not allow the cry 'jingo' to keep them in doors."

THE EXERCISES.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the Society, made the opening address, in which she said:

"We are working for each other and for all children, and not for ourselves alone, by means of this Society. If our work means anything, it means to impress upon all minds the sacred value of all children, and the tremendous importance of beginning to urge the growth of patriotism and good citizenship in the tender and impressible hours of childhood and youth.

"Good citizens are not made to order; they slowly grow, imbibing, just as the plant world does, all the forces of nature around them. And our boys and girls are, one way or the other, every instant of their swiftly passing lives, fixing inevitably their future as citizens of this Commonwealth or of other communities. These future years will soon claim them; we cannot and we will not hold them back. Shall they be good citizens or bad citizens? This is our responsibility."

SONGS AND ADDRESSES.

John W. Hutchinson sang "The Blue and the Gray," prefacing it with a reference to his Revolutionary ancestors.

Lieutenant Governor Wolcott made an impassioned address, full of fervid eloquence. In his descriptions of his own early associations with patriotic teachings and conditions, and in his eulogy on the flag he brought the audience up to a white heat of enthusiasm. He was often interrupted by applause, in which the small flags were waved by all in the audience. He concluded his address by showing in a little case the locks of hair of George Washington and his wife, presented by Mrs. Washington to the wife of the Secretary of State. At the conclusion of the address the audience gave him prolonged applause.

Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., delivered a very happy address, in which he said that he had been told by Hezekiah Butterworth that the first blood shed in the Revolution was that of a boy, Christopher Snyder, who was shot in Boston, March 5, 1770, for taking some action in relation to a shopkeeper with pronounced English tendencies. He also told the story of the composition of "America."

John Hudson Merrill read the Declaration of Independence, and a solo was sung by Mary Eleanor Brennan.

DECORATING LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE.

Captain Nathan Appleton, Vice President of the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution, made an address in which he told how he decorated Lafayette's grave in France, taking with him the French flag, which had been already displayed on a historic occasion from his brother's house. He also placed there one of the markers used at the graves of Revolutionary veterans.

The "Liberty Song," by Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, and dedicated to the old Concord (Massachusetts) Society, the first one organized under the National Society, was sung, and was followed by the Youth's Companion salute to the flag.

At the close the wreath used in crowning the flag was sent by the President of the Society to Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, thus crowning his loving work for children and youth as the expression of their love for him.

Similar musical programmes were sung at Oakland and San Leandro, California; at Camp Groton, Connecticut; at Camp Durell, New Hampshire; in the First Congregational Church in Revere; and at the Boys' Brigade Camp at Northport, Maine.

Boston Standard, July 5th.

TELEGRAMS AND MESSAGES RECEIVED

By the President of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

NEW YORK, July 3, '95.

H. M. LOTHROP,

The Wayside.

It will be impossible for me to speak for you to-morrow; perhaps you might find something which you might care to read in my article in *Munsey's Magazine* for July.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE BIRTHDAY OF LIBERTY.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew upon the Fourth of July as the greatest day in the calendar—A graphic recital of the meaning of the celebration, its historic memories, and its national importance:

When I was a boy in the village of Peekskill I used to set my three pounder gun in front of my father's house at four o'clock in the morning of every Fourth, waiting to join in the salute that greeted the rising sun. The firing of cannons and the ringing of bells helped to saturate the youth of that generation with respect for the fathers of their country, and for the ideas upon which it was founded. The proudest day of my life was that on which I first participated as a principal in one of those old-fashioned celebrations. For years I had looked with awe at the orator who rode in an open barouche at the head of the procession. The day came, in the year of my graduation, when I sat there myself; and as I stood on the platform and spoke forth the familiar praises of my country,

I thought that ambition had culminated, and that there was nothing more in life to wish for.

But the Fourth of July seemed to go out of fashion. Our society leaders told us that noise was vulgar, and that the whole celebration lacked refinement. Newspaper wits poked fun at it, and college professors branded it as "catering to the national vice of brag."

My opinion is that the Yankee who would not brag on the Fourth of July is unworthy of his birthright. I believe in the importance of keeping alive the memories and traditions of our liberty's natal day. I believe in reverence for all ancestors; I believe in pride in their splendid achievements.

The contemplation of the subjects suggested by the birthday of our Independence brings before the mind, in all their grand proportions, the actors in the struggle for liberty with their patriotism, statesmanship, and public virtue.

The men who led the Revolutionary armies, the men who sat in the Continental Congress, the men who framed the constitution, have left behind them a heritage of ideas and principles that will preserve our institutions so long as they animate and inspire the conduct and character of the Nation. Our flag floats over us to-day with no star lost or dimmed, more than ever emblematic of assured unity and power; and as we are gathered under its protecting folds, shoulder to shoulder, heart beat to heart beat, in the full blaze of the risen son of liberty, which gilds the glories of the past and clearly revel as the duties of the future—with one voice let us repeat the deathless words of our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln: "and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish forever from the earth."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"*Munsey's Magazine*" for July.

GROTON, CONN., July 4.

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,

Pres. Nat. Soc., C. A. R., Between nine and ten o'clock, Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

Thomas Starr Society, first organization in New London County, and Thomas Avery, second organized, send patriotic greetings to Concord's Children American Revolution.

MISS S. B. MEECH,

President.

MISS A. A. THOMAS,

President.

MRS. CUTHBERT H. SLOCOMB,

Regent of Anna Warner Bailey Chapter.

TO MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,

NEW LONDON, CONN., July 4.

Old South Church, Boston.

Jonathan Brooks Society is now assembled and sends kind greetings.

MRS. ARMS.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL TO THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY, GREETING.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—Prov. 31 : 28.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 4, 1895.*

THE Capitol Society, Children of the American Revolution, sends greeting to the public meeting held in the Old South Meeting House at Boston under the auspices of our National Society on the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

General Washington, on arriving at Providence, March 13, 1781, at a time when he was much perturbed at the treason of Arnold, was surrounded by children bearing torches; they crowded around and called him "father." He turned to Count Dumas (his escort), and seizing his hand, exclaimed, with great emotion, "We may be beaten by the English; it is in the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer."

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE,

Recording Secretary, Capitol Society, C. A. R.

Other letters and messages will be given in our next number.

NOTES.

Boys' Leagues, and Brigades, and all Patriotic Societies in which young people are interested, are invited to send in items of interest to this department. In no way can young people help each other so much as in such an exchange of methods and ideas; and patriotism and good citizenship will be the richer for it in this land.

It is requested that all information concerning the formation of Societies and any other news of interest to the young people, should be promptly forwarded to this department.

An earnest effort is being made to bring out the Magazine promptly. Records, and fresh bulletins and all items should therefore be sent as early as possible.

Everything connected with this department should be sent to Margaret Sidney, The Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts.

THE Chaplain of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Frances Bacon-Hamlin, wife of Rev. Teunis Hamlin, D. D., of Washington, D. C., has been visiting at The Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts, the home of the President, Mrs. Lothrop. Mrs. Lothrop gave a reception to Mrs. Hamlin, inviting the Concord Society (Children of the American Revolution) to meet her.

The reception was held at The Wayside on the morning of July 17, the day when the Christian Endeavorers, about six thousand, visited Con-

cord. Mrs. Lothrop and her guests, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hamlin, and others, received the large company. A fine paper, written by Mrs. Hamlin, describing this day at Concord is awaiting publication in this department. It is obliged to give space to the Fourth of July matter.

NEW SOCIETIES FORMED.

A NEW Society in Connecticut. Organized in the Historical Rooms, Barnum Institute, Bridgeport, Conn., on the day of the last meeting, (June 17, "Bunker Hill Day,") of the Mary Silliman Chapter.

One of its meetings with historical exercises is to be held at the home of Judge Wheeler on August 14.

A flourishing society has been formed in Stonington, Conn. President, Mrs. Franklin Babcock Naves.

A Society was formed in Westerly, Rhode Island, August 2, in the famous historic house owned and occupied by Miss Julia E. Smith, one of the Vice Presidents of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

At what period and under what conditions does the "Gaspee" appear in history?"

ORLANDO R. SMITH, JR.,

Westerly, R. I.

How long was the British embargo at Newport, Rhode Island?

OLIVE L. DODGE.

When did the burning of the Gaspee occur?

MARY ADA BAILEY.

What place is called "The Cradle of Liberty?"

KATHARINE DIXON FRANKENSTEIN.

Who was Jonathan Brooks of New London?

MARTHA J. SMITH,

Westerly, Rhode Island.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 2, IN JULY QUESTION BOX.

BETSEY ROSS was a Philadelphia lady and lived in a house on Arch street, which is still standing.

Using a sketch, which was presented her by Gen. Washington as a pattern, she made the flag which was adopted by Congress, June 4, 1777, as the flag of the Nation.

ORLANDO R. SMITH, JR.,

Westerly, R. I.

We hope the young people will quickly answer the questions given in the last number. Answers are expected also to the questions in this number. The first correct answer that is received, will be given in each instance.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. DORA LANE McNABB.

It is with much sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Dora Lane McNabb, one of the charter members of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. McNabb was born at Readington, New Jersey, in 1864, and died at her home in Bound Brook, New Jersey, on Friday, June 7, 1895, after a lingering illness. In her short life she was active in all good works, she was a zealous Christian and filled a responsible place in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was lovely in person and in character, and she has left many friends to mourn her loss and sympathize with her afflicted husband and mother. Mrs. McNabb was a descendant of Rulof Hageman, who served in the War of the Revolution as a private and afterwards became sergeant under Captain Braddock. He was present at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Monmouth, etc.

MRS. JULIA WATERS JOHNSTONE

PASSED from the earthly to her heavenly home early in the morning of April 6, 1895. A truly gifted, earnest Christian has entered into her reward. Life's journey ended, we can but rejoice for her that the goal is reached. Born of pious parents, the daughter of Rev. John and Mrs. Wealthy Doubleday Waters, in Oneida County, New York State, in the year 1822, she was early trained for a life of piety and usefulness, being one of a family of fifteen children, twelve of whom lived to adult age. The mother has been spoken of as a remarkable woman and her daughters testify as to her great ability, tact, and earnest piety, and best of all, her wonderful faith. Her father was one who in connection with Rev. G. W. Gale and

others colonized and settled the now flourishing city of Galesburg, Illinois, and was also one of the founders of Knox College. Two years previous to Mrs. Johnstone's marriage she became a teacher in the Steubenville Female Seminary, presided over for many years by Rev. Dr. Beatty. In July, 1848, she was married to Rev. Merwin E. Johnstone and removed to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where at the end of six happy years she was left a widow, with her only son, to continue life's journey. The last milestone was passed after forty years, and all was peace. Her long line of ancestry, dating back in America to 1621, is full of interest. One of the consignors of the May Flower, Nathaniel Tilden, was her great-granduncle on her mother's side; he came to this country three years later in the ship *Ann*, and with six Kentish gentlemen founded the town of Scituate, Massachusetts. Her great-grandfather was John Tilden, his daughter Lois was her grandmother. Elisha Doubleday, her great-grandfather, of English descent, was married three times and had twenty-five children, sixteen of whom lived to adult age. He died at the age of ninety-three. Her grandfather, Ammi Doubleday, was born in 1759 at Lebanon, Connecticut, and enlisted in the Army of the Revolution at the age of sixteen. He spent the night of March 4, 1776, on Dorchester Hill, when it was being fortified, and was also with General Washington during that dreary winter at Valley Forge and continued in service during the war, attaining to the rank of major. He had many and thrilling experiences during the war, and died full of years in Oneida County. Two of his brothers were likewise in the army, one, Captain Seth Doubleday, dying while on a prison ship in New York harbor. General Abner Doubleday, who figured among the heroes of Fort Sumter and at Gettysburg, was her mother's cousin. Mrs. Johnstone's grandfather on her father's side, Hezekiah Waters, served actively also in the Revolutionary Army. With such a line of ancestry it was eminently fitting when a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was formed in St. Paul that Mrs. Johnstone should be chosen as chaplain, which office she ably filled until compelled by failing health to resign. Those who knew her well can never forget the deep interest she always manifested in everything pertaining to the Society.

May her influence, of which her prayers were such sweet incense, be long continued and her memory ever bright.

"And now in the King's own Palace
She sings to her harp of gold,
With the seal of God on her forehead,
In her spirit His peace untold,
Where never a sorrowful step nor cry,
Shall break on the lull of Eternity."

MARY BUCKINGHAM LOVELAND MAKELY,

WIFE of the Rev. Geo. N. Makely, died at Brooklyn, New York, Sunday morning, June 16, 1895. Mrs. Makely was born in Kingston, Pennsylvania, in the historic Valley of Wyoming, and is the first member of the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to enter the heavenly rest. Her character was one of unusual purity and earnestness of purpose, never failing to impress those with whom she came in contact. She was married to Rev. Geo. N. Makely, October 4, 1894, and her devotion to the Cumberland Church of Brooklyn, of which Mr. Makely was pastor, was but the finale of the faithful life chapter of service she gave her home church, for her church was indeed her kingdom.

"Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God."

MARY LOVELL TUBBS.

ERRATA.

Owing to a mistake of the printer the permanent fund for May contains two erroneous statements. It is now reprinted correctly, viz :

PERMANENT FUND.

May 1, 1895, cash in hand,	\$27 51
Charters,	\$25 00
Life membership fees :	
Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, through Philadelphia Chapter,	\$12 50
Mrs. Alva M. G. Carpenter, through Gaspee Chapter,	12 50
Miss Catherine Rogers, through Paul Revere Chapter,	12 50
Miss Clara Bates Rogers, through Paul Revere Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Clara R. Anthony, through Paul Revere Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. W. W. Shippen, from all the New Jersey Chapters,	12 50
	<hr/> 75 00
Commission on sale of spoons,	13 75
Net profits on rosettes since February 25, 1895,	89 60
Interest on Doherty note,	30 00
Interest on Government bond,	12 50
	<hr/> 245 85
June 1, 1895, cash in hand,	\$273 36

Respectfully submitted,

BELL M. DRAPER,
Treasurer General.

On page 96, line 3, of July Magazine read "Miss S. Alice Brown," instead of "Mrs. Alice S. Brown." And on same page, [line 17, substitute "election" for "appointment."

